The Prince of the Pagodas—Full Review

Dance and Dancers

FEBRUARY 1957

This month's full ballet guide

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Personality of the month

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Benjamin Britten

WHEN one thinks of the number of times Benjamin Britten's music has been used for ballet, it seems surprising that the nearest he ever got to working for a ballet company was the orchestration he once produced for *Les Sylphides* and some arrangements of Rossini for Lincoln Kirstein. Not that Britten is any stranger to the theatre, his position as England's No. 1 operatic composer being by now virtually unassailable.

Experience in writing dramatic music for films, radio and plays led naturally to opera. *Peter Grimes*, first produced at Sadler's Wells in 1945 and since staged by all the world's leading opera-houses, has an undisputed claim to be considered the first great full-scale opera by an English composer. Britten's seven subsequent operas have met with varying success, but every one has shown him experimenting with new and vital ideas. However, it was not until New Year's Day this year that he produced his first original ballet score—*The Prince of the Pagodas*.

At the time of writing this has not yet been heard, but it needs no prophet to foretell that this production (successful or unsuccessful) is destined for ballet history. For some years now the indications have been that the full-evening ballet was making a come-back, after its summary dismissal by Diaghilev owing to the financial disaster of *The Sleeping Princess*. In this country the need has been to find a composer capable and willing of producing a full-length score. We have so few ballet composers tolerable for even half an hour, that the task of finding one able to entertain us for a whole evening has not been easily solved.

Anyone contemplating the past record of British ballet will probably agree that, despite the valiant efforts of Constant Lambert, our ballet music has lagged behind our development in other aspects of the art. It could well be argued that we have yet to produce a ballet composer of the calibre of Copland or Hindemith, or even, within his range, Sauguet. It is possible that Britten's score for *The Prince of the Pagodas* will provide an answer to our problems. Certainly all his music that has been utilised for ballet (*Les Illuminations*, *Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge*, *Variations on a Theme of Purcell* among them) has proved notably successful. His record as an opera composer guarantees his sense of the theatre and dramatic awareness. We await the result hopefully. Who knows, perhaps the Soviet Ballet will one day have to borrow Britten as we have already borrowed Prokofiev.

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Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS
Assistant Editor: CLIVE A. BARNES
WORLD'S LARGEST SALE IN THE FIELD

Let the bells ring out, but—

AS the bells rang out at midnight on December 31 it was obvious that as far as British choreography is concerned, 1957 would be an extremely active year.

Within the first 24 hours of the New Year, John Cranko's first full-length ballet, *The Prince of the Pagodas*, was shown to a Covent Garden audience as tightly packed into the Opera House as it was for the opening night of the Bolshoi season. Whatever fate may have in store for this work, there is no doubt that it was an event of the first magnitude in Western ballet. In addition to the interest naturally aroused by a new three-act work, the fact that for it Benjamin Britten had composed his first commissioned ballet score added to the excitement. If the critical reception was more mixed than that accorded by the audience, all concerned should take heart from the fact that when *Swan Lake* was first given at the Bolshoi in 1877 it was a flop.

When all is said and done it is remarkable that the Sadler's Wells Ballet, which has only achieved international acclaim since the war, can produce a repertoire consisting of important contemporary works—and full-length ones at that—as well as the great classics of the world. Their next production will be another mammoth Fokine revival mounted by the Gregorieffs on the same scale as their reconstruction of *The Firebird* two years ago—*Petrouchka* is scheduled for revival at the end of March. Ashton is also planning a full-length production of *Ondine* with a score by the modern German composer Hans Henze.

But if these home events are not enough, and doubtless the critics in the daily press will remain dissatisfied, British choreographers are in great demand abroad. By the time these words are read, Kenneth MacMillan will have mounted his first work for American Ballet Theatre (premiered in Lisbon and to be given at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York in February) and already he has been asked to create more ballets in America. Alfred Rodrigues has revised and revitalised *Casse-Noisette* for La Scala, Milan, with, according to advance reports, tremendous success. In addition, Alan Carter in Munich, Jack Carter in Holland and Walter Gore in Holland and Germany are doing wonderful work in the creative field. In fact it is now to Britain that directors turn when they want to put on new ballets

All this makes for a happy choreographic 1957. But what of the years to follow? The past 18 months have not brought out any new talent, nor does there seem to be much effort being made to encourage any latent choreographic genius—Ballet Workshop now seems but a memory and the Sadler's Wells Choreographic Group is so spasmodic as to hardly exist. Where are the successors to Ashton, Cranko and MacMillan to come from? We hope that they all have many more creative years ahead, but it is already time to shape the future. It should never be forgotten that the only great periods of ballet history were those formed by creative artists—not by executants.

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Mazowsze for London

THE three pictures on this page give some idea of the liveliness of the Mazowsze Polish State Dance Company which is paying its first visit to London, opening at the Stoll Theatre on January 21.

Like other directors of folklore companies, Tadeusz Sygietynski, the founder of Mazowsze, toured all over his country, even to the remotest villages and hamlets, to find the right talent for his company. Out of the 5,000 dancers he saw, he chose 100. These he has trained so that they now give a performance of perfection and breathtaking speed. Each number follows upon the other so quickly that the public barely has time to catch its breath.

In rich national costumes from the various regions of Poland, the dancers perform the numerous and varied dances of their country, many of the numbers being based on the mazurka, the polonaise and the polka, dances from which choreographers have derived their inspiration for many similar dances in such ballet classics as *Coppélia*, *The Sleeping Beauty*, *Swan Lake* and so on.

Already the company has toured with great success through its own country, in addition to tours of Germany, France and China. In this country the group may be familiar to those who have already seen the film of the company which has been shown from time to time in dance film programmes.

Not surprisingly it is Peter Daubeny who brings this Polish company to London. Again the British dance public is deeply indebted to him for having brought us yet another eminent foreign dance company. Without his work in bringing foreign companies to London it is doubtful whether we should have ever seen so many of the world's most important dance groups in the past few years.

(The correct pronunciation of Mazowsze is Mazofcha.)

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THE COURT OF THE MIDDLE KINGDOM: Princess Belle Epine (Julia Farron, left) refuses the four suitors (Gary Burne, Peter Clegg, Philip Chatfield and Desmond Doyle). The Emperor (Leslie Edwards, centre) tries to make excuses for his daughter's behaviour. A moment in the opening act. Photo: Armstrong Jones

The Prince of the Pagodas

Ballet in three acts, first given by the Sadler's Wells Ballet at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on January 1, 1957. Choreography and scenario by John Cranko. Music by Benjamin Britten. Scenery by John Piper. Costumes by Desmond Heeley. Lighting by William Bundy.

CAST

The Fool .. .. PIRMIN TRECU
The Dwarf .. .. RAY POWELL
The Emperor of the Middle Kingdom .. .. LESLIE EDWARDS
The King of the North .. .. DESMOND DOYLE
The King of the East .. .. PHILIP CHATFIELD
The King of the West .. .. PETER CLEGG
The King of the South .. .. GARY BURNE
The Princess Belle Epine .. .. JULIA FARRON
The Princess Belle Rose .. .. SVETLANA BERIOSOVA
The Green Salamander and Prince of the Pagodas .. .. DAVID BLAIR
The Moon .. .. ANYA LINDEN
The Rulers of Fire .. .. BRIAN SHAW, MARYON LANE
Fishes PIRMIN TRECU, PETER CLEGG, DOREEN WELLS, JUDITH SINCLAIR
Pas de Six .. .. AYNA LINDEN, BRYAN ASHBRIDGE, MERLE PARK, GARY BURNE, MARYON LANE, DESMOND DOYLE
Corps de Ballet of Courtiers, Pages, Frog Messengers, Stars, Fishes, Pagodas, Subjects of the Prince of the Pagodas and Heralds.

THE Emperor of the Middle Kingdom has two daughters—the Princess Belle Epine, who is the heiress to the crown, and the Princess Belle Rose, who is neglected and only has her beauty and simplicity for her dowry.

Kings from the four corners of the earth are anxious to marry the heiress to the throne and they arrive in state to seek her hand. But the Princess Belle Epine is not particularly impressed, though her anger is aroused when she finds that all four are enchanted by the Princess Belle Rose. The Emperor of the Middle Kingdom begs the suitors to consider Belle Epine and in his desperation temporarily places his own crown on the head of his favourite daughter so that everyone has to obey her wishes. With the crown firmly on her head, Belle Epine refuses to give it back to her father and she now rules the kingdom.

Heralds announce another suitor and four Frog Messengers arrive bearing a fantastic casket, a gift from the Prince of the Pagodas whom Belle Rose has seen in a vision. Belle Epine tries to open the casket but is unsuccessful; when Belle Rose approaches it the lid opens mysteriously, a hand emerges and presents her with a jade flower. When she touches it she and the four Frog Messengers fly away through the windows of the palace.

Their journey takes them through the sky, and above water and fire. Eventually they alight in the kingdom of the Pagodas. Finding herself alone, Belle Rose has many strange adventures with the magic Pagodas. Frightened by a Green Salamander, she is mysteriously blindfolded and the Salamander is transformed into a handsome price. He declares his love for her and she responds, but when she tears off the veil from her eyes he is immediately turned back into a Salamander. Belle Rose is repulsed and flees from the kingdom of the Pagodas.

Arriving back at her home she finds that Belle Epine is tyranically ruling the Middle Kingdom. Her father, the Emperor, is imprisoned in a cage and tormented, and all the court are ill-treated and exhausted. Belle Rose is also made prisoner by her sister. Suddenly the Green Salamander appears and casts a magic spell over the court. The Emperor is released from his cage and Belle Epine is forced to take his place. Belle Rose, in gratitude for her father's release, promises to marry the Salamander and immediately he is transformed back to a handsome prince. The united couple return to the land of the Pagodas for their wedding, and everyone lives happily ever after.

CHOREOGRAPHY

WHEN the once-postponed and long-promised *Prince of the Pagodas* finally had its *première*, I felt I was almost the only person in the Opera House who had not already seen it at some stage in its rehearsals. Never before have I heard so many people discussing the last act of a new work in the first interval. Coming to the ballet with the innocence of a new-born babe, I quite enjoyed its first performance.

To clear the decks by first stating the obvious, *The Prince of the Pagodas* is an inevitable landmark in the history of English ballet. The very fact that it is the first three-act ballet to be entirely created by British artists ensures that this statement is outside the realm of opinion. Whatever value posterity eventually settles upon its head, *The Prince of the Pagodas* must at the very least be granted the special cachet reserved for *Gorbuduc*, *The Great Train Robbery* and other memorable "firsts."

Cranko's ballet (if the worthy citizens of Aldeburgh will forgive me the assignation) is described on the programme as a fairy story, which is fair enough as a description. It is not, however, one of the tales of which we all have an instinctive nursery recollection, for Cranko has constructed his scenario from certain memories of fairy stories and tried to produce an original plot which will be, as it were, the distilled abstraction of a fairy story—the general rather than the particular, the spirit rather than the letter. In this I think he was mistaken.

The literary influences on this would-be archetype are as varied as its author's reading. One catches a glimpse of *Cinderella*, *The Snow Queen* and, particularly, *Beauty and the Beast*. Nor has Cranko stopped short at fairy stories,

THE KINGDOM OF THE PAGODAS: Arriving at her fantastic destination, Princess Belle Rose (Svetlana Beriosova) dances with the Prince of the Pagodas (David Blair). *Photo: Armstrong Jones*

for the fanciful may spot resemblances with *King Lear* (complete with Cordelia, Goneril/Regan, Edmund, Edgar and Fool), that anthropological gold-mine *The Golden Bough*, and even *Tamburlaine*. Literature is Cranko's oyster and he never hesitates to scatter his pearls.

The resulting scenario is extraordinarily interesting, but rather digressive, lacking the simple myth-like qualities of the finest fairy tales. The fairy stories we remember best are those which first tell us, even before we can understand, all about love and lovers, stories like *The Sleeping Beauty* and *Beauty and the Beast*. In Cranko's tale I felt that the narrative had become a little over-complicated for its *genre*, and that the lovers were too often edged out of the picture by the secondary characters. I think perhaps he might have done better to have stuck rigidly to the myth of *Beauty and the Beast*, which in any case seems to be used as the heart of his matter.

Of course this diffuseness on Cranko's part does find a precedent in the English theatre, in the traditional English pantomime, one of the more unfortunate traditions of which is its quest for modernity. Cranko also seems concerned with being modern and *chic*, which is again possibly a pity. Looking back on most fairy stories one is usually struck by the realistic background against which the impossible cruelty, fantasy and magic are set. Now Cranko seems to have gone out of his way to avoid any such realistic background, both in his own choreography and in the work of his collaborators. The ballet is given no sense of period or place. The possible extent of the loss here can perhaps be seen by comparing Cranko's approach to fairyland with Petipa's in *The Sleeping Beauty*.

Before leaving consideration of the scenario, tribute must be paid to Cranko for his wonderful achievement in telling his story without resort to lengthy programme notes, or indeed to any programme notes at all. In all his one-act ballets Cranko has spurned this device of the choreographically inarticulate, and has always told his tale directly from the stage. To have maintained this record in a complicated three-act ballet is, to my mind, a triumph of ingenuity only made possible by the surest understanding of ballet-making.

In a way this is a measure of Cranko's inherent narrative gifts and sense of theatre. No British choreographer, not even Helpmann, has possessed a shrewder streak of theatricality than Cranko. This is further borne out by his production. Since the ambitious flop of *Adam Zero* British ballet has fought a little shy of making the fullest use of the possibilities an Opera House offers for stage effects; not so Cranko! Some of these effects come under the province of design, yet throughout the production Cranko never hesitated for a moment to use every trick he could think of.

Dancers on wires flying through the air like Bournonville's La Sylphide on her way to her last resting-place, a Prince appearing in a swirl of miraculously controlled mist, dancing pagodas and disappearing scenery, Cranko throughout showed the courage of his conviction that stage illusion is one of the forgotten or neglected crafts of modern ballet. In some respects I wish he had done even more (has anyone ever thought of inviting a professional conjuror to add mystery to Covent Garden stage effects?), but at least this was a stride in the right direction.

From his work it is obvious that Cranko is a very intelligent man. For one thing he appears to grasp obvious facts far more quickly than do his colleagues. Ashton's choreographic palette, for all its richness which still no one can equal, bears the marks of the privations it suffered when British ballet was in its infancy, and he even now fails to make the fullest use he might of the company's full technical resources. Possibly it is because he chooses not to, just as probably MacMillan is too markedly an individualist, and Rodrigues is too interested in dramatic expression to bother about exploiting fully their dancers' technical potential. In any case, for whatever reason, it has been left to Cranko to demonstrate that the Sadler's Wells Ballet is now as strong from top to toe as any in the Western world.

He has produced choreography demanding from everyone, from his no less than 15 principal dancers right down to the *corps de ballet*, a level of sheer technique higher than anyone else has ever envisaged requesting. Nor has he any compunction in making his requirements from the male dancers as equally testing as those imposed on the girls. Indeed the male dancing in the ballet considerably outweighs, both in quantity and quality of opportunity, that allotted to the girls. Cranko has gauged to a nicety the remarkable development of English male dancing over the past five years.

For such a long ballet (three hours with two intervals) it contains remarkably few *longueurs*. He has filled the ballet choc-a-bloc with dancing, and has filled the dancing with invention. Unfortunately at first sight it looks as though much of the choreography is more distinguished by its difficulty than by anything else. Cranko has never quite outgrown his fear of being thought conventional, and has yet to learn that a straight line is not only the shortest distance between two points, it is also sometimes the most pleasing. He often over-embellishes his choreography with a modish fussiness, and his invention sometimes bears little relationship to his theme or characterisation. He is also too apt to intermingle naturalistic movement (dancers rolling over one another on the floor, for example) with straightforward classical steps.

All these faults were in evidence during the first part of the second act, depicting Belle Rose's journey through the elements. Another apparent deficiency in this episode was a certain lack of contrast between the male choreography and the female.

It would be wrong to suggest that the choreography apart from this episode (and there were quite a number of good things even in that) was that of genius, but the level of inspiration seemed consistently high. The first-act variations for the Kings of the West and South, the last act *Pas de Six*, and the dances for Belle Rose and the Prince, can take their place among the best choreography he has ever done.

Indeed there are times when the very consistency of the level of choreography and dancing achieved almost tells against its effect. There is a kind of surfeit of feats, and when the three boys in the *pas de six* made their staggeringly brilliant *entrée* in the *finale*, the first

night audience accepted it as a matter of course and were too *blasé* even to applaud.

Britten's score is far from easy rhythmically, and on the whole Cranko tackles its complexities with fortitude and imagination. His choreographic style tends towards the eclectic and there are plenty of moments in *The Prince of the Pagodas* reminiscent of passages from his own (and other people's) earlier ballets, but this is of little importance in considering the general effect.

Although Cranko has been working as a choreographer with the Wells' organisation for over seven years now, this first full-length production must have been a crushing responsibility, and on the whole he has emerged from it with colours flying. Whether the work succeeds in taking a permanent place in the repertory depends, I think, partly on whether the company can maintain the "gala" level of performance it requires for effectiveness, and, more particularly, whether Britten's score can attain the popularity of, say, Prokofiev's *Cinderella*.

Clive Barnes

JOURNEY THROUGH SPACE: Anya Linden borne aloft as the Moon surrounded by a corps de ballet *of clouds. A moment from the divertissement in Act II which depicts the Elements through which Belle Rose passes on her way to the Land of the Pagodas. Photo: Armstrong Jones*

DANCING

THIS is very much a company ballet, rather than a star-vehicle for two dancers. Cranko seems to have ladled out his choreography with the benevolent impartiality of a soup kitchen, and no one can complain that he has not received his fair share.

Indeed if anyone has any ground for recriminations it is probably Beriosova and Blair, who do not figure as prominently in the proceedings as might have been expected. Belle Rose provides little opportunity for characterisation, Beriosova being called upon to express hardly more than sweet resignation, puzzlement, and, finally, happiness. There were few possibilities for the subtle nuances that can lend life and colour to Princess Aurora. Everything that could be done for Belle Rose, Beriosova did, and, in a double sense, she danced with the happy assurance of the heir-apparent. The choreography stressed the gaiety and vivacity of her dancing, rather than the softer, almost introspective qualities that are now more commonly associated with her.

Blair, varying between a Green Salamander and the Prince, was also excellent. His partnering was noble, while his perfectly finished dancing had an unforced, masculine charm.

Julia Farron, well-contrasted with Beriosova, made Belle Epine into a spiteful, yet far from unattractive, vixen. No one in the company can be as viciously nasty so artistically except for Ray Powell, and his talents for malevolent depravity were well employed by the rôle of the cringing, sycophantic Dwarf. Pirmin Trecu, bounding through his dancing with either an infectious grin or an air of wide-mouthed wonder, was an attractive, true-hearted simpleton, obviously the seventh son of a seventh son who was later to find fame and fortune.

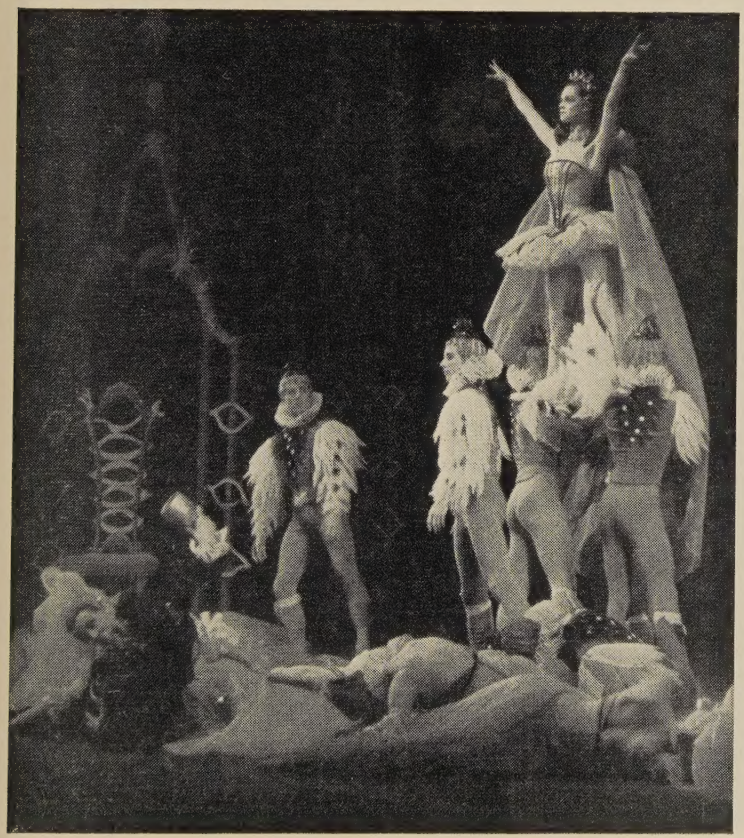
Desmond Doyle and Philip Chatfield (the first as the Czar of all the Russias and the second as Chu Chin Chow) were given short shrift by Cranko, and were unable to make anything out of straw but straw. The only other poorly served member of the cast was the unlucky Leslie Edwards who made a brave attempt to give some kind of unity to a part that started out as a pantomime king and developed, with disconcerting abruptness, into a tragic hero of apparently Shakespearean proportions.

Far more fortunate were Miss Farron's two final suitors, Peter Clegg and Gary Burne. Clegg, who later shared a tricky, piscine *pas de deux* with Trecu, was given a delightfully fidgety variation, which he interpreted with sly humour. The ballet provided Burne with his biggest chance yet, and both here and in the last act, he jumped up to seize it with the athletic enthusiasm of a Bolshoi champion.

A fiendishly difficult *pas de six*, not made any easier by some choreographic passages of apparent a-musicality, was performed as clean as a whistle and as high as a hope by Anya Linden, Bryan Ashbridge, Merle Park (with a saucy, finger-clicking variation), Gary Burne, Maryon Lane and Desmond Doyle.

At the conclusion of the performance Mr. Cranko, with almost a hint of apology in his voice, made a surprising curtain speech explaining that the ballet had been created particularly for the younger members of the company. These "younger members" succeeded in doing both Mr. Cranko and their audience proud.

Clive Barnes



TYRANNICAL PRINCESS: Belle Epine (Julia Farron) as the Empress of the Middle Kingdom rules her subjects with cruelty. Her father, the ex-Emperor, suffers the most and is forced to live in a cage.

Photo: Dominic

MUSIC

ALTHOUGH Benjamin Britten had not previously written a ballet, it already seemed plain enough before *The Prince of the Pagodas* that he was capable of making as important a contribution to ballet as he has to contemporary opera.

The Masque in his ill-fated opera *Gloriana* caught delightfully the spring-like gaiety of Elizabethan high-jinks; and others of his scores have been shown by choreographers to have the stuff of dance in them—*Soirée Musicale*, *Matinée Musicale*, *A Simple Symphony*, *Les Illuminations*, the Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge, and the Purcell Variation all having yielded a rich haul of ballets.

Ever since the failure of *Gloriana*, a major setback in Britten's career only partly redeemed by the *succès d'estime* of his subsequent opera *The Turn of the Screw*, there has been no lack of people to inform us that he was conforming to the usual pattern of development of youthful prodigies, that he was "written out," deserted by his muse.

The first half-hour of *The Prince of the Pagodas* is in itself sufficient to show that, far

HIGH IN THE AIR: Gary Burne in a grand jeté *from his variation in the* Pas de Six *during the wedding celebrations in the last act.* *Photo: Armstrong Jones*

from having outgrown his genius, Britten has it in him to enrich the ballet of the second half of this twentieth century to an extraordinary degree, of carrying on from where Tchaikovsky and Prokofiev left off. And so far as his apparent sources of inspiration are concerned, this would seem to be exactly the way in which he has set about his task.

In the summer of 1955, in an interview for *Music and Musicians* at his Aldeburgh home, Britten told Anthony Wright that he found ballet a fascinating medium and that for the then-untitled Cranko ballet, on which he had already started work, he had been putting in "a lot of homework." This, he said, had included a thorough study of Tchaikovsky's scores; he had subscribed to a complete edition of Tchaikovsky's works, and found "some wonderful things" in the volumes.

For a composer about to embark on his first ballet score—and a three-act one at that—no better exemplar, of course, could be found than the great Russian master. Though it is obvious enough that Britten has profited greatly from his study of Tchaikovsky's ballets, learning many a secret as to what kind of music makes a classical *pas* tick, *The Prince of the Pagodas* is anything but imitation 19th-century ballet music.

In spirit and idiom the score has far more in common with Prokofiev, not so much the neo-romantic Prokofiev of *Romeo and Juliet* as the younger spinner of such effervescent musical fairy-tales as *The Love for Three Oranges* and *Lieutenant Kije*.

This applies most to the first act, with its shining, fresh-as-paint, toytown orchestral colours and sprightly tunes, many of which in cut resemble Prokofiev's—the Dance of the Courtiers, for instance, has a close affinity with the music for *Kije's Wedding*.

When it came to writing the music for the Elements, in Act II, it also seems likely that Britten remembered that Holst's *Planets* once made highly effective ballet music and accordingly drew on Holst's vein of atmospheric mysticism; while the *pas de six* in the last act could be said to be danced under the sign of neo-classic Stravinsky.

But the music is much more than the sum of its influences, which have been completely absorbed by Britten and then used as catalysts to spark off his creative imagination; and the whole score is one of the most perfect examples that I know of how a work of art can at the same time be, in a sense, derivative as well as astonishingly original.

There is an overflowing abundance of *real* tunes—not the *ersatz*, fabricated variety that we have become conditioned to accept as melody. The haunting waltz for Beriosova's last-act solo is surely destined to top hit parades on both the Light and Third Programmes of the BBC. The listener soon learns to recognise several *leitmotives*—a poignantly lyrical oboe tune stands for Belle Rose; an ascending, fanfare-like figure, first heard in the brass, is the Prince's visiting card; the use, in the introduction to Act III, of the theme of Belle Epine's first-act variation tells us that we are about to return to the palace, and so on.

The scoring shows off to superb effect Britten's masterly and sensitive use of the orchestra. The string writing has breath-taking delicacy, the treatment of the woodwind shows a Mozartian appreciation of the individual tone colour and character of each instrument, while the percussion is employed tellingly and economically for its colouristic rather than its aggressive possibilities.

In the Pagoda Scene of Act II the percussion group, together with a celesta, is used to provide an entirely convincing imitation of the magical sounds of the Balinese gamelan—with which Britten obviously fell in love during his recent visit to the Far East—and the transition from and back to a Western idiom is all the more smoothly achieved because throughout the scene points of contact between the two styles are emphasised and differences played down.

Perhaps the transparence of the scoring and the comparatively modest range of the dynamics result in the music not always achieving the degree of compelling theatrical effectiveness it might have had. My impression was that Britten had occasionally forgotten to remind himself that he was writing for so large a theatre as Covent Garden. Also, I found myself wishing that he had taken note of Tchaikovsky's habit in his ballet music of "plugging" his best tune at climactic moments—the "Swan" theme in *Le Lac des Cygnes*, the Lilac Fairy theme in *The Sleeping Beauty*—a device that might well have given the new score even greater unity.

The Covent Garden orchestra lavished their best playing on it and Britten conducted as if he had been conducting for ballet all his life—contrary to newspaper reports, he had actually done so before on at least one occasion, when in 1950 he directed performances at the Royal Opera House of Ashton's ballet to *Les Illuminations* for New York City Ballet.

Unfortunately Cranko's tricksy, frequently unmusical and often insipidly vulgar choreography does not come within a mile of doing justice to the opportunity for creating a great ballet which Britten has put in his way. Still, credit must go to the choreographer for having spurred the composer into writing it. But imagine what Balanchine might make of it all.

There are already plans to record at least part of the score.

David Hunt

DECOR

WHEN one artist is responsible for decor and another for the costumes, one is tempted to wonder how they set about it. In this case did John Piper say to Desmond Heeley, "My opening set is of blue and orange with a pseudo-oriental flavour, so just see that your costumes fit into my scheme"? Or did Cranko tell each artist what he wanted and then let them proceed on their separate ways? Did either artist ever see the work of the other before the completed dresses and sets arrived together for the first time upon the stage? It would be interesting to know how all this decoration was arrived at, because the result gives the impression that at no moment can either have cast the smallest glance at what the other was doing. This kind of combined-operation designing seldom works out unless some master hand mixes the ingredients and, in this particular instance, no master hand was apparent.

The main culprit is John Piper, an artist whose work I have greatly admired in the past. It might seem inconceivable that anyone who has ever worked in the theatre, and Piper has done much work for various branches of theatrical art, could have dreamed up the monstrosity which is the Court of the Emperor of the Middle Kingdom upon which the curtain rises. Harsh blue walls with orange drapes and an orange distance seen through peep-hole windows are guaranteed to kill any costumes, specially if they happen to be in varying shades of pink, a colour that the Emperor's court ladies seem to prefer. If matters had stopped there it might not have been so bad, but on top of all this we have to have electric yellows, greens, blues, deep plum, shocking pink, together with some rather pretty mousey greys and browns which get completely lost in this colourist's nightmare.

It is really a great tragedy, because Desmond Heeley has designed some splendid costumes. They are exciting in shape and show a wonderful sense of theatre. He is an artist whose development I have watched with interest, if not always with approval. But here he seems to have really found his right level, though in the first act he is given little chance to display all the

UNITED: David Blair, as the Green Salamander transformed into a Prince, with Beriosova, as Belle Rose, in the last act pas de deux. *Photo: Paul Wilson*

PAS DE DEUX: Another picture of Blair and Beriosova in their wedding divertissement. Photo: Dominic

ingenuity and loving attention to detail which must have gone into every one of his costumes.

Luckily Piper piped down at the beginning of the second act and, apart from some cloudy, watery and fiery effects for the divertissement of the elements, Heeley was left in peace. I liked the voluminous tulle capes which the dancers wore to suggest the upper air. They made beautiful patterns and they were well used by the choreographer. The fishes and the fire dancers were good too.

By the time we, and Princess Belle Rose, had reached the Kingdom of Pagodas in scene 2, we were back again in the School of Clutter—and only Clavé can clutter effectively. Pagodas grew like something from the Festival of Britain, others opened out in fans like Victorian fireguards. The latter were very pretty indeed, and would have been prettier if we had been spared so many openings—effects of this kind should be used only once. Considering that this was supposed to be a magical kingdom, it was unfortunate that the pagodas had to rumble around in such an unmagical way. They reminded me of those moving wardrobes in *La Plume de ma Tante*. Nevertheless, the dim lighting made this an effective setting.

The third act returned to the opening palace set and further acquaintance did not enhance it at all. A transformation for the marriage of Belle Rose flew the offending palace away, introduced a rippling yellow curtain, an effect once used brilliantly in Noguchi's design for Balanchine's *Orpheus*, but quite pointless here, as it unhappily conveyed the happy pair to a land apparently consisting of those oblong American Christmas cards. One can only hope that Twelfth Night in Pagoda land follows our admirable custom in relegating the tatty remains of Christmas to the flames.

After so many effects in previous scenes, this ending seemed tame, to say the least. It had been a pleasant change to see so many effects working without a hitch. Beriosova and four attendants did quite a bit of flying and there is now no reason why others should not take to the air. Now I shall never rest content until I have seen every wili in *Giselle* flitting from tree-top to tree-top.

But there was no doubt that the hero of the designing was Desmond Heeley. Apart from some not entirely satisfactory male costumes for the Prince and the *pas de six* in the last act, he did a magnificent job. Particularly good were his short-in-front-long-behind tutus which were becoming and added to the beauty of the line of each dancer. In the second act, Beriosova wore a lovely creation of iridescent grey and green which, like Moira Shearer's tutu designed by Bérard for *Clock Symphony*, was one of the best I have ever seen.

Perhaps one day the scenery will get lost and then we shall be able to fully appreciate these costumes against black velvets or a sky-cloth plus some intelligent lighting.

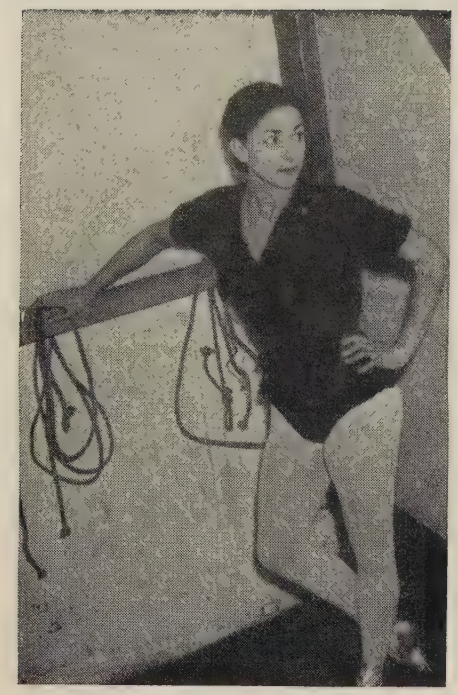
Peter Williams

HAPPY ENDING: Beriosova and Blair surrounded by the pas de six *dancers: (L. to R.)—Lane and Doyle, Linden and Ashbridge, Burne and Park. Leslie Edwards as the reinstated Emperor is on the extreme right. Photo: Armstrong Jones*

Ballet Gala for Hungary

The four major British companies and all Britain's dancing stars combined for the first time in a gala at Sadler's Wells in aid of Hungary relief

Reviewed by CLIVE BARNES. Photographed by DOUGLAS BURN



WAITING HER TURN: Margot Fonteyn in the wings waiting to rehearse the Sylvia pas de deux.

HAS ballet in England ever known such a year as 1956? Whenever in the future they talk about vintage years for ballet, we will all think of the fantastic richness of 1956 and smile reminiscently. It was the Pavlova midnight matinée in January that set the tune, and after that galas and foreign visitors kept it humming as merrily as a spinning top.

The last great occasion of the year was touched by both tragedy and irony. This was the "Special Performance" on December 10 arranged by Frederick Ashton in aid of the Lord Mayor of London's National Hungarian and Central Relief Fund. The circumstances that prompted this performance remind us that whatever year it was for ballet, it was a pretty black one for the world at large. It was also ironical that the Sadler's Wells Ballet who should that very night have been dancing for the Russians in Moscow found themselves dancing for the Hungarians in Islington.

The *grand divertissement* so popular on the Continent has never appealed to the English, for whom the solid sustenance of the "meat and two veg." type of programme has always had preference over this "*hors d'oeuvre*" form of ballet entertainment. This is partly a national prejudice, yet is also derived from the pattern of British ballet's development. We started on the basis of a repertory ballet movement, in which stars were incidental to the whole. Without ballet stars programmes of bits and party-pieces are hardly practicable and certainly not endurable. Now in the course of time we have developed star dancers naturally and can hold our *grands divertissements* with the best of them.

Consolidated strength

In a way the most remarkable thing about the present performance was the manner in which it indicated the total strength of British ballet. Seven companies took part: the Sadler's Wells Ballet, London's Festival Ballet, the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, the Ballet Rambert, the Covent Garden Opera Ballet, the Sadler's Wells Opera Ballet, and finally our beloved Alicia Markova, a one-woman company in herself. Between them these companies (the only full-time ballet organisations in the country) provide employment for rather more than 200 dancers, 90 of whom—including nearly all the principals—appeared in the programme.

It was a fine feat of organisation on Ashton's part to have put this programme on at about three weeks' notice, but it was an even greater tribute to the founders of our ballet tradition (Rambert, De Valois, Dolin and the rest) that such a grand scale venture was practicable.

There is a temptation to compare this performance with the programmes the Bolshoi Ballet gave at Croydon. A detailed comparison (dancer for dancer, dance for dance) would not be fruitful, but in general it can be said that the Russian programme was by far the better varied. The Russians have been organising these things for years; we as newcomers were faced with a notable lack of items suitable for such an occasion. We had a surfeit of classical *pas de deux*, which, despite their individual excellences, tickled the palate too often in the same place. One wished for some character solos, and a few more specially conceived numbers. Quite probably the absence of the latter can be accounted for by the haste in which the entertainment had to be prepared, and some variety was provided by excerpts from ballets, including some national dances.

Polka opening

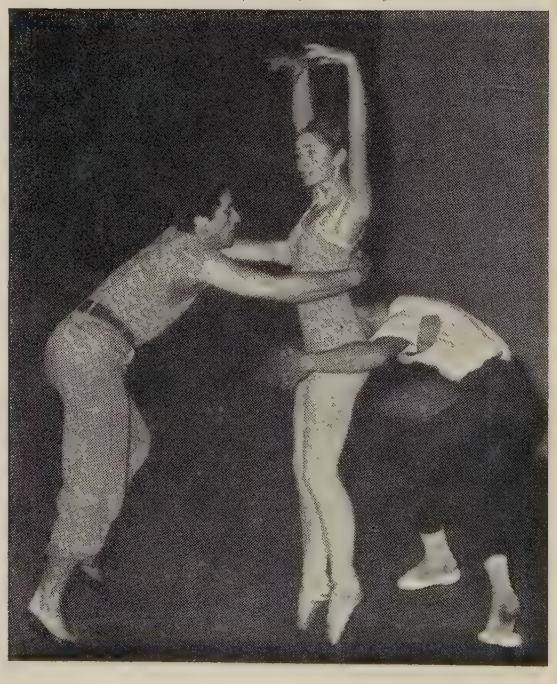
The programme was opened by the Govent Garden Opera Ballet in the Polka from *The Bartered Bride*. It proved innocuous rather than stimulating, and was only moderately well danced, a circumstance perhaps explained by the fact that half an hour or so earlier the dancers, who had changed their costumes in taxis, had been appearing in *Jenufa* at Covent Garden.

Two of the participating companies, the Theatre Ballet and the Rambert, were on tour that week, and could consequently only be represented by token forces. Michael Boulton and Patricia Cox danced an abbreviated version of the *Giselle* peasant *pas de deux*. Cox had improved on her previous showing in this. Boulton jumped and turned splendidly; there are few British boys with his attack and technical command, but he still lacks a certain showmanship and needs to relax more.

The Ballet Rambert was seen in Andrée Howard's ballet *Death and the Maiden*, danced by Mary Munro and newcomer Ian Metsis, together with four students from the Rambert School. Munro's Maiden was perhaps a little too intense to be perfect, but the ballet was well presented and the work—which had not been seen in London for some years—wears well.

COMBINED FORCES: Margot Fonteyn, Marilyn Burr, Rowena Jackson, Beryl Grey and Alicia Markova in a happy mood during the morning rehearsal.

MACMILLAN REHEARSAL: Alexander Grant, Anya Linden and Brian Shaw rehearsing MacMillan's Valse Excentrique *which was specially created for the occasion.*



BRITISH BALLET ON PARADE: The line-up at the end of the Gala at Sadler's Wells on December 10. This was the first time in British ballet history that all the major British companies combined in one performance.

Frederick Ashton, organiser of the gala, is seen in front, thanking the orchestra. Behind him, centre, are Britain's two leading ballerinas—Margot Fonteyn and Alicia Markova. On the left of Fonteyn are Fifield, Heaton, Burr, Lander and Wright. To the right of Markova are Grey, Nerina, Jackson, Beriosova and Munro. Behind them are the principal male dancers, including Field, Rassine, Gilpin, Dolin, Ashbridge, Somes and Grant. Part of a Hungarian flag is seen at the top.

Photo: Douglas Burn

The next section of the programme was given over to the Sadler's Wells Ballet, and opened with Annette Page and Pirmin Trecu in *Jota Aragonesa*. One might have thought that just lately we had had enough Spanish dancing, but in the event this number proved one of the successes of the evening.

Nadia Nerina and Alexis Rassine elected to be seen in two of their Concert Tour numbers. Rassine danced the De Valois solo to Boyce music, *Vestris*. Once the rôle of Vestris in De Valois' ballet *The Prospect before Us* was one of Rassine's best parts, but this present "evocation of the 18th-Century dancer" did little more than indicate how much ballet technique has progressed during the past 200 years. Nerina ill-advisedly danced a reconstruction of one of Pavlova's most famous solos *The Dragon-Fly*. Although topical, this seemed one tribute to the immortal memory too many; it served to remind me more of the Pavlova Exhibition than the Pavlova Gala. It was a great pity that Nerina and Rassine did not dance one or two of the more interesting items from their concert repertory.

Svetlana Beriosova and Beryl Grey played safe by appearing in the same Cranko excerpts as they earlier chose for the last Covent Garden Gala. Both Beriosova and her partner Philip Chatfield can probably by now dance the *pas de deux* from *The Shadow* in their sleep, but it makes an effective concert piece. Grey's exultant appearance in the oddly named *Grand Pas de Masques* from *The Lady and the Fool* acquired an unexpected novelty from the substitution of rather weird costumes for the originals, which were then still on the high seas between Leningrad and home. She was partnered, as usual, by David Blair, Desmond Doyle and Ronald Hynd.

The only other item of this first part of the programme was the *Don Quixote pas de deux* danced by Rowena Jackson and Bryan Ashbridge. They gave this dear old hack of a *pas de deux* all the *panache* it needs, only the tongue-in-cheek arrogance of Arova and Briansky being missing. These two New Zealanders go so well together, however, that it is difficult to see why Ashbridge is not Jackson's permanent Covent Garden partner.

Festival contribution

After the interval the second part of the programme—which like Gaul was divided into three—was given over entirely to London's Festival Ballet. Dances from *Napoli* would always be welcome on a programme like this, particularly when as well danced as here by Toni Lander, Flemming Flindt and six soloists. Lander I have seen better, but the boyish and untidy vigour of Flindt (contrasting strongly with the immaculate but sometimes prissy technique of most of the British males on view) made a fine impression.

If someone would give me a pound for every different version of the *Harlequinade pas de deux* I have seen Belinda Wright and John Gilpin dance, I could possibly retire on the proceeds. Objectively I find this a rather sickly *pastiche* of *Carnaval*; subjectively it is staggeringly brilliantly danced by Wright and Gilpin. Gilpin's dynamo fluency and perfect phrasing appear to develop from strength to strength.

For me the trouble with Anton Dolin's *Bolero* is that "the Ravel masterpiece" of which it is, as the programme never tires of telling us, "a personal interpretation" has become a bore. It could, however, have been fascinating had only Mr. Helpmann been persuaded to have followed it with the *Nocturne Peruvienne* from *Façade*.

The inclusion of Dolin's *The Pas de Quatre* might have been the highlight of the evening had rehearsals and inclinations permitted it to have been performed by, say, Markova, Fonteyn, Beriosova and Lander. As it was, danced by Janet Overton, Anita Landa, Marilyn Burr and Jeanette Minty, it fell flatter than the conscientious efforts of its cast deserved.

Round Three opened with the baby of the companies—both in size and age—the Sadler's Wells Opera Ballet. Led by their Ballet-master, Peter Wright, they rushed, quite stylishly, through the Galop from *Eugene Onegin*.

The second Theatre Ballet contingent, John Field and Anne Heaton, danced the *pas de deux* from *Les Sylphides*, an item which seemed a little lugubrious for the occasion.

Ashton's arrangement of the *Casse-Noisette pas de deux* puts rather more emphasis than is usual on the male dancer. David Blair seized the opportunities offered him with alacrity, and produced some brilliant dancing. Elaine Fifield was very assured in the double-work, but her Sugar-Plum Fairy variation had little in it that was distinctive.

Bathing Victoriana

There followed the one specially created number, Kenneth MacMillan's *Valse Excentrique*, to music from the Ibert *Divertimento* used for *The Italian Straw Hat*. This had the wit of a Steinberg cartoon. A slow motion *pas de trois* for three terribly Victorian bathers, in which a poor girl is gently passed between two suitors, it had all the imagination and invention we associate with its choreographer. Brian Shaw and Alexander Grant, both in knicker-bocker bathing suits and handlebar moustaches,

(*continued on page 34*)

Ulanova in London

by NINA LATTA

When the Bolshoi Theatre Ballet from Moscow gave its London season at Covent Garden, Russian-born Nina Latta was appointed as Ulanova's interpreter. Last month DANCE AND DANCERS published the first instalment of Nina Latta's reminiscences of that time which revealed many sidelights on Ulanova's character. Here are more:

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STAGE DOOR EXIT: Galina Ulanova, followed by Raissa Struchkova, leaving Covent Garden after a performance. She was always given a great ovation by a large crowd who nightly remained outside the stage door even in the pouring rain.

Photo: Douglas Burn

I SAW Ulanova angry only twice during all the time I was with her in London. The first was when she was shown a newspaper article purporting to give details of a conversation between herself and Greta Garbo. The fact that she had never met Garbo, let alone had conversation with her, may account for this.

The other incident has already been given much publicity and reported in the press. She incorrectly believed—and I am afraid still does—that I was responsible for a photographer pestering her when she and her husband went with me and my husband on a private visit to a cinema. We arrived in the foyer and there was a photographer waiting to take a picture of her. She was very angry indeed and ran out into the streets of Soho. After this incident our relationship was never quite the same, though we did meet again and when I went to say good-bye to her at the end of the company's appearances at Croydon she was very friendly and all seemed to be forgiven, for it seemed to be her great wish that I should always remember her "with love."

Her Childhood

But before this unfortunate happening occurred she would often talk to me about her childhood. She adored her father and would often go fishing and shooting with him dressed in boy's clothes. This may have been unconsciously her way of making up for the fact that she was not a boy, as both her parents had desperately wanted to have a son.

Both her parents worked at the Maryinsky Theatre in Petrograd and when Ulanova's nurse left she was placed in the boarding school there so that she would be properly looked after. She had no particular wish to be there and did not want to become a dancer. However, she was placed in her mother's class and after a year she came to like her new life. But better still for her were the boys' classes. "That is why I jump so well!" she told me.

She also liked rowing, with the result that her shoulders became temporarily overdeveloped. After a holiday in Finland, the management were horrified, on her return, at the breadth of her shoulders and her deep sun tan.

It was a great friend of hers, a dramatic actress, who helped her most as an artist. Apparently Ulanova studied with her for many years. This actress told her: "You must forget your technique and go into your part. If you do this it will always be right. You only succeed in this way when you are older, when your technique is so instinctive that you can forget it." She told me that she never did the same thing in the same way, that her every performance was different. More than anything she could not understand why the British press placed so much emphasis on her being a great exponent of the Stanislavsky method. This, she declared, was quite untrue because although she was a very great admirer of Stanislavsky and his work at the Moscow Art Theatre, she did not use his method in her work.

She told me that she met her husband—Vadim Rindin—when the company went to Paris in 1954 for the season which never took place. He had been at the Bolshoi for years, but they never really met until they were abroad. I liked Rindin, he was very kind and looked after her with great love and tenderness. When I told Rindin that a friend had commented on this, he replied: "But you could not look after her with anything other than great love and tenderness."

Humour and Fantasy

They were charming together and used to have many little jokes, as she has a great sense of humour. One of the things which caused them trouble were the buttons in the lift at the hotel where they stayed. Somehow they never seemed able to press the right one and it used to cause a great deal of amusement and giggling whenever they went up to their room. They invented names for things and in the garden on the Embankment, near their hotel, there was a small shed where the gardener probably kept his tools, which they were particularly attached to and called "Giselle's house." They also found "Giselle's house" very useful, because whenever they got lost when they were out for a walk, they always knew they were nearing home when they saw this little shed.

While the company was in London, Rindin had quite a lot of spare time and he used to go for long walks and see all he could. He would come back and tell Ulanova all that he had seen. One day he came in and said: "Do you know that in London there are men who draw on the pavement and they put their hats in front of their drawings and people fill them with pennies?" They both found it hard to believe this—to us a perfectly usual custom. A few days later Rindin again came back from a walk and in his hand was his beret, which he always wore—filled with pennies. "Ah, you have been drawing on the pavement," declared Ulanova delightedly; they both laughed a lot about this joke.

Ulanova is very fond of animals and clearly enjoyed a conversation she had with a deer she met one day when she was in Richmond Park. The things this deer was supposed to have said to her often came up in conversation later.

I could never get used to the hours they had their meals. They seemed to have dinner at 4 in the afternoon; after the performance she would have supper, but never anything hot at night. She liked food and had a good appetite, she also liked red wine. At other times she would drink hot water with three lemons and glucose. She also smoked a lot and got to like our cigarettes very much. I introduced her to my favourite brand and she smoked them all the time she was in England.

A Loyal Colleague

She was always on agreeable terms with her colleagues in the ballet and talked to them in a warm voice. Whenever I saw her with members of the company she was most friendly towards them and was always very loyal when she spoke about them in their absence.

I would have done anything for her and I always had the feeling that I wanted to protect her. She was modest and there was nothing in her behaviour to suggest the *prima ballerina assoluta* and she is the least temperamental dancer I have ever met. Frequently she was tired but never did I see her petulant. She has a warm and kindly nature and that kind of independence which is often found in children—she always wanted to do things for herself. To have been with her so closely during those few weeks in London was one of the most wonderful experiences of my life and, as she asked me to, I shall always remember her with love.

Lifar's farewell to Albrecht

Photographed by SERGE LIDO

On December 5, Serge Lifar danced the rôle of Albrecht in *Giselle* for the last time at the Paris Opéra. Whether this was also his last dancing performance in any ballet is, at the moment, uncertain. His duties at the Opéra will, in the future, mainly be in an administrative capacity. It was in 1930 that Lifar became *Premier Danseur* and *Maître de Ballet* at the Opéra and two years later he became a Professor there. Apart from the years 1944 to 1947, he has remained as ballet head of France's historic opera house and during this period he has been mainly responsible for raising the standard from the low level it had reached at the time of his arrival.

AFTER CURTAIN SPEECH: Georges Hirsch (left on rostrum), director of the National Theatres, speaking after the performance on December 5. He said: "Lifar finishes a great career, but starts on a brilliant new one." Next to him are Bonderville (music chief at the Opera), Lifar, Chauviré and Michel Renault (right).

Below: Lifar and Chauviré with Madame Adam, who is a descendant of the composer of Giselle.

LAST PERFORMANCE: Lifar and Chauviré at the end of the second act of Giselle *on December 5. In his dancing career, Lifar has played Albrecht to many of this century's most famous interpreters of the title rôle in the famous classic. In addition to Chauviré these have included Olga Spessivtzeva, Alicia Markova, Tamara Toumanova and Nina Vyroubova.*

FINAL CURTAIN: Lifar between Chauviré and Claude Bessy, who played the Queen of the Wilis. The latter is one of the most promising young ballerinas of the Paris Opéra.

For Marie-Françoise Christout's account of this occasion see p. 30 of this issue.

What You Thought About the Bolshoi

In the January DANCE AND DANCERS Anton Dolin wrote in an article—*What I Did Not Like About the Bolshoi*—his impressions of the Bolshoi Ballet from Moscow during their season at Covent Garden. Many readers have written in answering his criticisms and voicing their own opinion of the company. Here is the first batch of letters More will follow next month.

I almost felt disloyal

I WAS most interested to read Anton Dolin's criticism of the Bolshoi Ballet in the January issue of DANCE AND DANCERS, it abounds with many sound truths. On reading it I found myself almost persuaded that those of us who were so enchanted and elated by the several performances we saw during the Russian company's visit to Covent Garden were disloyal to our own English ballet companies.

However, there is no getting away from the fact that we *were* enchanted and elated and I count myself among the most enthusiastic members of the audience, on no less than eight occasions.

No one in this country is more proud than I am of the wonderful progress and success made by the British dancers and choreographers in the past 25 years. But we are still very young and until our ballet companies can afford to retain their experienced dancers and have the mime roles played by mature artists, our *corps de ballet* will always be open to criticism.

In part of the fifth paragraph of his article, Mr. Dolin clearly states the main reasons for the tremendous success of the Russians, apart from the "miracle of Ulanova" whose name shall surely be remembered among the great dancers of history.

Nevertheless we in this country can hold our own. Markova, Fonteyn, de Valois, Ashton and Dolin have helped to build our British ballet on such a firm and glorious foundation. And now we have so many excellent younger dancers and choreographers developing year by year that we certainly can hold our heads high, but we must never become self-satisfied or complacent. We must always be ready to learn from more mature artists, at the same time as encouraging the best of modern ideas of those now "growing up" here.

28 *Quex Road, London, N.W.*6. **Phyllis Bedells**

Spectacles too rosy

ANTON DOLIN is certainly looking at British ballet through very rose-coloured spectacles and the Bolshoi through "a glass darkly." Otherwise how can such a biassed view be explained?

Equal victims of Mr. Dolin's disapproval are the unfortunate British audiences. As a regular member of the Garden audience, I take strong exception to his inference that we are all a bunch of nitwits. I should have said that the audiences displayed a good deal of discrimination, as was shown in the degree of applause accorded to each dancer. If we tended to be rather wilder when Ulanova danced there was some excuse—after all, one only witnesses such a miracle once in a lifetime!

An important aspect of the season that needs emphasising is the extraordinary emotional impact this company had on the audiences. There was always a genuine bond between the dancers on the stage and the spectators. Ulanova has said that we "watched with our souls," or words to that effect. We should love to watch ballet in that way more often, but can we say, honestly, that we are as emotionally *en rapport* with our own companies as we were with the Bolshoi?

I do not wish to laud the Bolshoi at the expense of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, who in 25 years has achieved wonders. But at the moment dancing is not in the blood of the English: they lack both the musicality and the sheer enjoyment of dancing, qualities so apparent in the Russians from Ulanova down to the least important member of the *corps de ballet*.

Mr. Dolin cites some elegant male dancers of the West, but does not mention that the Russian men, with their more spectacular style, were dancing under difficult conditions. Their own stage is much larger than that of Covent Garden and beautifully sprung. I personally would swop all the men he mentions for the light and elegant Fadeyechev, the virile and handsome Zhdanov, or the magnificant actor-dancer Lapauri.

As for the female dancers, surely Struchkova ranks with the Western ballerinas, and I should consider Kondratieva, Karelskaya and Timofeyeva not to be discounted.

Giselle was as perfect a realisation of that ballet as any company will be capable of, and therefore to discuss it is pointless. One cannot put the miraculous into words—just as it is pointless to say that I found Ulanova ethereal and Mr. Dolin did not. Yet I still cannot refrain from saying it, or that she is the greatest dancer I have ever seen!

As for *Romeo and Juliet*, I have never seen such a perfectly poetic realisation of Shakespeare's play in any medium. I went in rather a critical frame of mind, as I had been disappointed in the Russian film version. But on the stage it is quite different in effect—much more concise and, except for Ulanova's runs, where one longed for the wider spaces of the film to prolong them, much more beautiful.

Why does choreography have to be complicated to be good? What could be more expressive than Ulanova's and Zhdanov's *pas de deux*?

Mr. Dolin says the lifts were out of period, perhaps he would care to explain why? Surely youthful, ecstatic love should be expressed ecstatically. They were tender and lovely to watch and far from being performed in a sensational manner.

Anton Dolin sneers at the Bolshoi for saying their stage is bigger, just how much bigger was illustrated very impressively on the previous page of the January issue. Covent Garden was good enough for Diaghilev and Pavlova, says Dolin sanctimoniously. Had there been a larger and more important theatre in his day, I am sure Diaghilev would have gone there. Would not Sadler's Wells, had they gone to Moscow, have mentioned that Covent Garden was considerably smaller than the Bolshoi? Has anyone told Mr. Dolin, incidentally, that we saw only half the Bolshoi company?

Acre Lodge, **Pamela E. Meister**
Acrefield, Gerrards Cross, Bucks.

The audience at fault?

IT seems to me that Mr. Dolin's chief complaint is that we—the audiences—enjoyed most of what the Bolshoi gave us, when in fact we should not have done so.

Naturally there were several things they did which fell below our expectations; several dancers who were not as good technically as some of ours; some choreography which was not as good as it might have been. Nothing which anyone can do is ever perfect, or always lives up to our expectations. Even the Sadler's Wells Company who, Mr. Dolin says, were "acclaimed the greatest ballet company in the world" were criticised when they were last in America, and some of the short ballets which we consider the best in our repertoire were treated with indifference and even dislike.

Criticism is an excellent thing, but it should always be constructive and intelligent. Mr. Dolin has, I feel, been small-minded and rather spiteful in his article, indicating that we are all rather stupid. The fact remains that we all found something wonderful in the Bolshoi ballet which we had not found in our own. And when one has watched the growth of our own ballet over the last 25 years, as I have, and has been proud of the fact that British ballet—in the shape of the Sadler's Wells Company—has reached such a very high standard, it is very exciting when a company like the Bolshoi comes over and gives us a little extra something which we have not had before.

7 *Nimrod Road,* **(Mrs.) Ethel Jansen**
*Streatham, S.W.*16.

The fuss was overdone

I AGREE absolutely with Anton Dolin. I felt at the time that the tremendous fuss over the Bolshoi Ballet was rather overdone, and that our own ballet and dancers were something to be proud of. At the same time, the Ballet from Moscow must have been marvellous and the dancing or choreography simple, and the décor the reverse, from all accounts.

9 *Suffolk Square,* **Sheila O'Malley**
Cheltenham, Glos.

No Western company to compare

ANTON DOLIN points out that the Bolshoi Ballet has developed in a different manner from the St. Petersburg school, upon which our own ballet is based, but despite this seems constantly surprised that the very things that are so important to the St. Petersburg school are disregarded by the Bolshoi.

He justly complains of the lack of new painters and composers of merit, and rightly claims that the Bolshoi's visit has in no way put our own great dancers in the shade. What he has ignored, however, is that as a whole there is no company in the West that can compare with them in providing such an exciting dance spectacle.

Romeo and Juliet exemplifies the Bolshoi's regard for continuous action in their ballets. The story never stops, and the ballet is not compartmented into conventional mime, story and highlight divertissements. Their mime is certainly not classical but is immediately obvious to both gallery and stalls, and is linked much more closely to the dancing. As Juliet, Ulanova's shrug of her shoulders on first seeing Romeo is quite clear at the back of the gallery, but at the same time her face registers a more delicate interpretation of their first encounter, which is discernible from the stalls. This mime within mime is common to the whole company.

The dancers always dance, and above all act, with the story and to one another rather than to the audience. This helps to create the impression that one is actually *there* rather than being a mere spectator in a theatre. This is particularly noticeable in *Giselle*, Act I. In *Swan Lake* the mime is again broadened and naturalised, but without any loss.

All in all the Russians' performances were wonderfully exciting, often in a way hard to analyse and despite many faults, and somehow the Royal Opera House stage at the moment seems rarely filled.

11A *Lancaster Gardens,* **James Ranger**
Kingston, Surrey.

The Theatre Ballet Lets its Hair Down

A COMBINED operation of an unusual kind went into the party given by the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet for itself on December 14 at the Unitarian Meeting House, Ipswich, to celebrate Christmas and also the end of their 1956 provincial tour. The party was decided upon as far back as October when the company were playing in Liverpool. All the dancers subscribed half-a-crown each week, in addition to which they organised a number of raffles—Sandra Vane made a doll, Leslie White made a pullover on a knitting-machine, and so on. The company drew lots as to who would give presents to whom.

All final preparations had to be carried out on the day of the party between rehearsals and performance. Starting shortly after 10 p.m. the party did not finish until 5 a.m., during which time some members of the company took part in a floor show. Three girls—Elaine Thomas, Susan Alexander and Brenda Bolton—opened with a 'twenties number which was followed by a play, written by Leslie White, bringing in subtle digs at various members of the company. Christine Alderton and James Dolan appeared in a sketch. Alexander Bennett recited his impressions of a male dancer. Madeline White did a strip-tease. Miro Zolan sang an opera parody dressed as Nero (Rome was made of burning paper) with Margaret Knosen as Octavia, using the music from different ballets and operas. Errol Addison accompanied on the piano the numbers not previously tape-recorded. Everyone had a highly enjoyable evening and —surely unique for dancers' parties—there was so much food that some was left over at the end!

OPENING NUMBER: Susan Alexander and Brenda Bolton in the number in which they appeared in duffle coats later taken off to reveal little underneath.

BALLET BEGINNERS: Christine Alderton and James Dolan (chief electrician) in their sketch as ballet beginners.

AT EASE: David Harding, Alistair James, Margaret Knosen and Donald MacLeary relaxing in jeans and shirts which were the general form of dress for the party.

CONVIVIALITY: Johaar Mosaval, Margaret Knosen, Alexander Bennett, Elaine Thomas, Margaret Lee, Brian Lawrence, Simon Mottram and Yvonne English enjoying a quieter moment.

ROCK 'N' ROLL: Walter Trevor, Pamela Darke, Michael Boulton, Donald MacLeary and Dr. William-Kennedy (a guest) letting themselves go in a less quiet moment.

Photos: Leslie White

A Danish Ballerina far from Home

Toni Lander was brought up and trained in the school and with the company of the Royal Danish Ballet Company in Copenhagen. However, it has been far from her native country where she has achieved maturity and triumphant success—as a ballerina of London's Festival Ballet.

by DAVID VAUGHAN

HOW rare it is to find an artist who combines passion with intellect, and dances always with a mind and body both trained, and with a heart that is on fire. Of the two, if I had to say, I would always choose the heart. But that alone is not enough. You must have both.
ANNA PAVLOVA

TO reveal art and conceal the artist is art's aim.—OSCAR WILDE.

THE season of the Bolshoi Ballet in London has, I think, brought home to the British public with the blinding clarity of a revelation the meaning of the word "artist" when used in reference to a dancer. Whatever reservations some people may have had about the choreography of the Bolshoi ballets and the style of their productions, most will agree that here was a company whose dancers, from Ulanova down to the least member of the *corps*, bent all their energies to showing us *Romeo and Juliet* or *Swan Lake*, *Giselle* or *The Fountain of Bakhchisarai*, with a degree of absorption that made any kind of "alienation-effect" unthinkable, at any rate on their part.

This approach to dancing, as an interpretative art, but with the interpreter's contribution raised to a level where it becomes truly creative, has indeed become unfamiliar on our stages. It sometimes appears that the kind of dancing that is most admired by the public and even by some critics is that which aims primarily at the display of the "personality" and technique of the individual performer. There are many dancers whose first concern is to make us aware of the difficulty rather than the beauty of what they are doing. The chief, but not the only, exponents of this circus approach are those dancers who habitually appear as "guest artists" with various companies, performing bravura numbers torn from their context in a complete ballet, or at best in ballets like *Giselle* or *Swan Lake* Act II that are common to most repertories and can be danced without too much *rapport* with the company as a whole.

The Americans, characteristically perhaps, refer to this kind of performing as "selling." It is surely an undesirable relationship for the dancer to establish between himself and the audience—the relationship, that is, of salesman and prospective customer. Performing should not be a similar activity to delivering a line of sales talk; so far from wanting to *sell* something to the audience, the dancer should set out to *give* them something.

The unselfish approach

Even more than this, the dancer should want to give something *to the dance*; there is inevitably an element of dedication in the make-up of the artist. It is this, perhaps, that gives the artist the quality of personal transparency; he does not seek to obtrude his own "personality" between the audience and whatever he is performing. Such purity of performance often leads people to say that the performer has no "soul." It usually turns out that what such people want is *Schmaltz*—they want the artist to "sell" in other words. We should, on the contrary, be most convinced of the existence of the artist's "soul" if he allows us to experience the "soul" of the work he is performing, for this is a supremely unselfish act.

Braque says that the "personality" of an artist is not the sum of his mannerisms. Yet this is precisely what is usually meant by the word when it is used of a dancer. Toumanova's "personality," for instance, could not unfairly be said to consist of her ghoulish make-up, sticky fingers, what Denby called her "brutal phrasing," her balancing tricks, exaggerated preparations, and so on—all things that have nothing to do with *dancing* at all; like most mannerisms they are really just mistakes. Their purpose is to force you to notice Toumanova, not to show you a dance. The kind of dancer who is often described as having "no personality" is a dancer like Erik Bruhn, who simply dances the choreography within the style intended by the choreographer.

The simplicity, sweetness, and unselfishness that so touched us in the Russian dancers may be rare on our stages but it has not, of course, disappeared entirely. To my mind, no dancer more completely embodies those qualities that go to make an artist than Toni Lander. Her performances in the Festival Ballet productions of *Napoli* and *Coppélia* have given me the most intense pleasure that I have experienced in the theatre.

Her most remarkable achievement in these rôles is not the brilliance of her technical performance, dazzling as this is, but her creation, not simply of a character, but of the whole world that character inhabits. The Festival Ballet production of *Napoli* gives us only the wedding celebrations of the third act, and nothing of the story, yet Toni Lander's Teresina is a real person, an unmistakable individual, with a life that seems to go on before the ballet begins and after it ends. (This is so rare in ballet that I should like to mention another performance that gave me the same feeling—Tanaquil LeClercq's grave and touching portrait of the Bride in Balanchine's *Le Baiser de la Fée*.) When this series of divertissements is over you are left with the the feeling that here is a woman who will be a good wife to her husband.

Swanilda's world

Again, in *Coppélia*, you are caught up utterly in Swanilda's world from the moment after the curtain rises and she opens her window to greet the morning. In the fullest sense of the term, Toni Lander brings the character to life, so that when she exits into the wings you feel sure that she has gone down a real street in a

EARLY SOLO (left): Toni Lander in Dance of the Elf, *to Grieg music, which she danced at the Palais de Chaillot, Paris, in* 1953. *Photo: Liseg*

ON TELEVISION: (right) with Pierre Lacotte in the Grand Pas de Deux *from the last act of* Casse-Noisette *given on BBC Television in October* 1953.

real village. The greatest of all Swanildas, I suppose, was Danilova. Her second act, with that wonderful moment when the doll feels the warm blood flowing through her veins as she comes at last to life, was deeply touching. Toni Lander prefers to keep the impersonation of the doll more firmly within the dramatic framework as a stratagem of the mischievous, witty, and resourceful Swanilda, carried out with skill and nerve—there is a delicious moment when, after Coppélius has wheeled her in on her chair and has turned his attention to Frantz, she puts down her book to wag an admonitory finger and smile in happy anticipation of an amusing escapade.

But hers is, nevertheless, a very moving performance because it brings out the human aspect of the story so clearly. She and Flemming Flindt between them make the ear of corn episode especially real and poignant. We really care about Swanilda's problem with the wayward Frantz, we are sure that they are really very much in love, and we hope they will get married in the end. The story is made so believable that this Swanilda lives on in the mind long after the ballet is over.

In the Danish tradition

It is evident, then, that Toni Lander is an actress-dancer in the true Danish tradition. The Danes, like the Russians, are actually taught how to act, to create a character and to think and feel the action of the ballet from that character's point of view. Their mime, in consequence, is as clear as speech.

It is clear, too, from her performance in *Etudes* that Toni Lander has a phenomenal technical equipment; she is the complete mistress of her instrument. Over and above this, she is a dancer of rare musicality; her sense of phrasing is impeccable. (As an example, I would cite the *manège* of fast and slow *piqué* turns in the *Snowflakes* waltz from *Casse-Noisette*, which are attacked with an extremely subtle variation in dynamics, from just behind the beat on the slow turns to just ahead of it on the fast ones.)

Equally important in *Napoli* and *Coppélia* (and a great advantage in Dolin's *Pas de Quatre*, which can so easily descend to the level of burlesque) is her profoundly sympathetic sense of period style. An actor said to me that her performance in *Napoli* was the equivalent of a 400-page history of the 19th century, so much insight and understanding of the period did it show. It would be easy for the Bournonville style to be made to seem merely quaint—especially nowadays when any attempt to evoke the 19th-century style is taken as an invitation to hilarity. Toni Lander obviously not only understands the style, she believes in it, so that it is something as real and beautiful for us as it is for her.

A very noticeable feature of her performances is that they hardly vary by a hair's-breadth—except that they improve steadily. She always remains completely within the form, and yet it is always as if she were doing everything for the first time. She is able to give this impression because she has achieved a perfect balance between relaxation and concentration, which is to say that she always puts exactly the right amount of energy into everything.

This is perhaps the performer's central problem, for on its solution depends not only the ability to maintain the impression of spontaneity through many repetitions, but also the dancer's command of dynamics. In other words, the dancer must know exactly how much energy she has to use to finish each movement without any sense of strain, and without, on the other hand, any excess of energy left over. In this way she will be free to respond to the music and her phrasing will be precise and clear. It is her possession of this faculty that gives Toni Lander's dancing its deceptive ease and effortlessness.

Very often it seems probable that only the dancers in the audience are aware of her virtuosity—which is as it should be: the vulgarity of much contemporary dancing arises from the refusal of some dancers to conceal technique from the audience.

FLOWING LINE: Lander in an arabesque *from* Etudes, *the ballet by her husband, Harald Lander which has brought such success to both her and Festival Ballet. A picture taken in Barcelona in* 1955.

SWANILDA (below): with Flemming Flindt as Frantz in Harald Lander's revival of the Danish version of Coppélia *for Festival Ballet in* 1956.

Fantasies become human

At the moment Teresina and Swanilda are undeniably Toni Lander's best rôles. Neither of them is quite a fantasy figure, and her ability to make of them living human beings perhaps reflects her own good sense and practicality. One feels that she is under no illusions about her own limitations, which is perhaps the best guarantee that she will be able to extend them. Already there is to be seen a steady improvement in her assumptions of other rôles, notably Odette in *Swan Lake*. Her performances are, of course, never less than intelligent, and she rightly chooses to approach this rôle by way of the *style*. Dramatically, that is to say, her Odette is not yet fully realised, but she will eventually find her way into the rôle without any clichés of interpretation through her growing understanding of the Tchaikovsky-Petipa style—through her subtle appreciation of *rubato*, for instance, and her freedom from inhibition in fulfilling each phrase with a truly *legato* quality.

It is a quiet rather than a brilliant performance, thoughtful rather than histrionic; it

continued on page 34

A RECEPTION FOR BALLERINAS: Phyllis Bedells greeting Alicia Markova on her arrival at Claridges Hotel for the Bedells Anniversary dinner. Escorting Markova is Peter Williams.
Photos: Paul Wilson

DOLIN SPEAKS: The first great British male dancer pays tribute to Phyllis Bedells at the dinner in her honour at Claridges on December 16. Round the table from left to right are: Lady Barnes (back of head only), Telmo de Braganca (critic from Portugal), Pamela May, Dame Margot Fonteyn and Phyllis Bedells. At the far table can be seen Wendy Toye and Cyril Beaumont.

curtain up!

Ballet's Royal patroness

PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE, who died on December 8, was one of the six surviving grandchildren of Queen Victoria. The rigid primness which one usually associates with anything connected with that august monarch was never present in Princess Marie Louise's make-up. Her life was given over to good works and charitable enterprises, but whenever her name was connected with anything of this kind it did not mean that she was merely a figurehead or a name on a programme—she really got down to it, seeing to everything herself and meeting everyone connected with anything she undertook. She supervised even the smallest details and showed remarkable understanding and knowledge of every point. She was one of the first royal ladies to smoke in public and her dry wit and encyclopaedic knowledge endeared her to everyone with whom she ever came in contact. More than any other member of the Royal Family she took an active interest in the arts and could be very outspoken on many aspects. From its outset, she was closely connected with the Three Arts Club and, five years ago, she became Patroness of London's Festival Ballet.

With her, the word "patroness" became no empty term because she followed every move of the company and I think she looked on its members as being her own children. The company's successes brought her great personal happiness and she was deeply despondent when they found themselves in financial difficulties. During Festival Ballet's London seasons, she was to be seen regularly in the Royal box and she was constructively critical of everything that happened on the stage. There was never a première of any importance when she did not send them a telegram of good wishes.

But Princess Marie Louise did not suddenly become interested in ballet in the last years of her life. She had loved it for a great number of years and never failed to see performances by all the important companies of the world when they happened to be in London. Royal patronage of this kind is something that has almost disappeared today. With the passing of Princess Marie Louise, yet another of ballet's staunchest friends has departed from us.

Masque for two Elizabeths

IN 1594, the first Queen Elizabeth witnessed the performance of a masque; on November 13, 1956, the second Queen Elizabeth saw the same masque. The only changes in the 362 intervening years between the two performances were a new score, some new costumes and choreography, all of which evoked the style of the original production. The recent production of this masque took place in the Great Hall of Gray's Inn, it being the first time that a reigning monarch had visited the Inn since the days of Charles II.

This dance presentation had choreography by Geraldine Stephenson, who re-created elaborate court dances for Knights as well as a Sea Ballet for Nymphs, Porpoises and Tritons wielding tridents. The choreographer herself played Amphitrite and other dancers included Wendy Hilton, Robert Harrold, Harry Cordwell, Michael Bayston, Philippe Perrottet. The score, in the style of the period, was composed by John Dalby, who is well known for his work on television and at the Bristol Old Vic. The costumes, based on designs by Inigo Jones, were created by Cedric White.

Some of the dancers were presented to the Queen after the performance, and I hear that she and other members of the Royal Family expressed their great appreciation of the evening's entertainment. Unfortunately, owing to the gravity of the international situation at the time and also because it was a semi-private occasion, this evening of elegance and splendour was rather overlooked.

Tribute to Bedells

A SMALL boy once went up to Anton Dolin after a performance and said, with scorn, "Men don't dance!" "I never really got my own back," declared Dolin, "but many years later, when Markova and I returned to Covent Garden after the war, that boy's sister turned out to be my mother in *The Sleeping Beauty*." Dolin was referring to the son and daughter of Phyllis Bedells and he told the story in his after-dinner speech at the dinner given at Claridges Hotel to celebrate the Fiftieth Anniversary of Phyllis Bedells' first appearance on the stage. Others who paid tribute to Miss Bedells were Dame Adeline Genée, who was the great star of the Empire Theatre when Phyllis Bedells was a small girl, and her idol all her dancing life. Dame Adeline left the dinner and disappeared for some time: she had left the notes of her speech in another handbag and had to go home and collect them.

The chairman of the dinner was Lady Hicks, better known as that famous star of musical comedy, Ellaline Terriss, and wife of Sir Seymour Hicks, in whose production of *Alice in Wonderland* Phyllis Bedells made her first appearance on the stage.

Many ballet celebrities were there, including Dame Margot Fonteyn de Arias, Alicia Markova and Pamela May. Dame Ninette de Valois was unable to attend as she was suffering from a slipped disc. Non-ballet celebrities include conductor Sir Malcolm Sargent, actress Ivy St. Hellyer and painter Dame Laura Knight, in addition to nearly 200 friends and associates of the honoured ballerina. Philip Richardson made her a presentation of a beautifully bound volume containing the signatures of all those present.

No end to notation

WE thought that the argument which has been raging over the past year about the varying merits of two dance notation systems —Labanotation and the Benesh system—would not spread beyond this Montague-Capulet

skirmish. But no, others seem to be popping up all the time.

Ann Hutchinson is at present assisting Madame Nicholaeva Legat in organising the manuscripts of Nijinsky's system which he used for recording the choreography of his ballet *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune* and other works. A visitor from Israel is Noa Eshkol, who, together with Abraham Wachmann, has recently completed yet another new system, similar to the Schillinger notation, about which we may hear a great deal more.

It is very gratifying to hear of all these systems of recording the dance; but if they increase much more there will be more systems of recording than ballets to record.

Busman's holiday

DANCERS, it seems, are almost incapable of taking holidays without returning to their chosen profession a few days after the so-called holiday starts. Jeffrey Kovel, of Festival Ballet, is a typical case in point. He took time off from his company to visit his family in New South Wales, Australia. He was given a Lord Mayoral welcome in the city hall of Newcastle, was heard in six interviews on national and commercial radio and gave, in addition, a half-hour broadcast presentation which included the music of his favourite ballets. Immediately he was dancing again—first of all at a charity performance in aid of Australia's war orphans, then on two successive nights he danced concert excerpts from *Petrouchka*, *Swan Lake* and *Scheherazade*. Shortly afterwards he returned to England to rejoin Festival Ballet for their London season. None of this strikes me as being any holiday.

The immortal fairground

"WE shall be doing a production of *Petrouchka*. This proves that eventually one get's one's own way," said Dame Ninette de Valois in a curtain speech at the end of Sadler's Wells' 1955 season. Since then it has seemed that Dame Ninette was still not getting her own way, for nothing more was heard of the promised revival of Fokine's masterpiece. However, as she stated, eventually one does. It now seems certain that Serge Grigorieff and his wife Liubov Tchernicheva will be reviving this ballet for Sadler's Wells in the very near future. It seems likely that it will come on at Covent Garden some time between Cranko's *The Prince of the Pagodas* and Ashton's *Ondine*, perhaps at the end of March. The title rôle will be taken by Alexander Grant and the Ballerina by Margot Fonteyn.

The Benois original designs will be faithfully reproduced and should look wonderful on the large stage of Covent Garden, which will make it possible to show the fair scene in panoramic size and with the necessary "extras" to make the famous crowd scenes believable.

If this revival by the Grigorieffs is anything like their reconstruction of Fokine's *The Firebird* then this should be the most important production in existence of one of the highlights of ballet achievement in this century.

Pioneer ballet designer dies

HUGH STEVENSON was one of the finest of the designers who decorated pre-war British ballets. His first work for the Ballet Club was in 1932 when he designed *Unbowed*. For that famous group he also designed *Pavane pour une Infante Défunte*, *The Planets* and *Jardin aux Lilas*. For the Vic-Wells Ballet he did *Le Lac des Cygnes* and *The Gods Go a-Begging*. From 1937 to 1939 he worked with Tudor's London Ballet, designing *Gallant Assembly*, *Pas des Déesses*, *Soirée Musicale* and *Gala Performance* (the two latter were later taken into the repertoire of Ballet Rambert).

After the war he designed *The Fugitive* and *Giselle* for Rambert and *Promenade* for the Sadler's Wells Ballet. For Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet he designed *Mardi Gras* and *Pastorale*, for Festival Ballet, *Giselle* and *Symphonic Impressions*. In addition, he designed for various other types of theatre production, including a version of the Cinderella story called *The Glass Slipper*.

With Sophie Fedorovitch, he was one of our foremost pioneer designers and his work was always in the most impeccable taste and of the highest order. His death on December 16 has robbed British ballet of yet another artist without whom it would not have achieved such a high artistic standard in so short a time.

Panamanian interlude

AFTER Christmas, the name of Margot Fonteyn did not appear in any of the cast lists at Covent Garden. At the end of December she went to La Scala, Milan, to appear in the Rodrigues production of Ivanov's *Casse-Noisette*. Both she and Michael Somes appeared in the final act of this elaborate production, which James Bailey designed. After appearing for the opening performances in Milan, Fonteyn left for Panama to join her husband, Dr. Arias. They will probably return to England together at the end of February and Fonteyn will be dancing again at Covent Garden at the end of February.

Kchessinskaya's Husband

LOSS to the Paris ballet world last year was the Grand Duke André, aged 77, husband of the great ballerina of Czarist days, Matilda Kchessinskaya. He was a grandson of Czar Alexander II. His grandmother, the Empress Marie, gave her name to the former Maryinsky Theatre in Leningrad.

The Grand Duke was a great connoisseur of ballet and an admirer of DANCE AND DANCERS, and was particularly pleased with David Hunt's article in our July, 1954, number on the classes Kchessinskaya gave at John Gregory's School of Russian Ballet in Chelsea.

He wrote to John Gregory: "Thank you for the two copies of DANCE AND DANCERS in which we found the article you mentioned in your letter. I read it to the Princess who was quite enchanted with it, as the article was written without artificiality and complicated phrases, as so often people write now, but in simple and comprehensive words as the best art critics wrote in the good old days. One sees that the writer understands about what he writes, and understands the teacher as well as the students. I must say it is a real masterpiece. We will have the article translated into French for the pupils here to know what was written about the Princess."

happy birthday to...

		Feb.
Yvonne Lakier	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet	20
Alexander Grant	Sadler's Wells Ballet	22
Wolfgang Brunner	Choreographer in England	22
Solange Golovina	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	24
Margaret Knoesen	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet	26
Todd Bolender	New York City Ballet	27
Yvonne Cartier	Sadler's Wells Ballet	27
Grace Greenway	Teaching	27
Mirielle Le Febre	In American cabaret	27
Brooks Jackson	New York City Ballet	28
		Mar.
Anthony Burke	Teaching	1
Earl Kraul	Canadian National Ballet	5
Dorothea Zaymes	Sadler's Wells Ballet	6
Phyllida Porter	Festival Ballet	6
Valerie Marsh	Ballet Rambert	7
Maurice Metliss	Festival Ballet	8
Alexis Gohar	Festival Ballet	8
Sheilagh Henderson	Royal Winnipeg Ballet	9
Leslie White	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet	10
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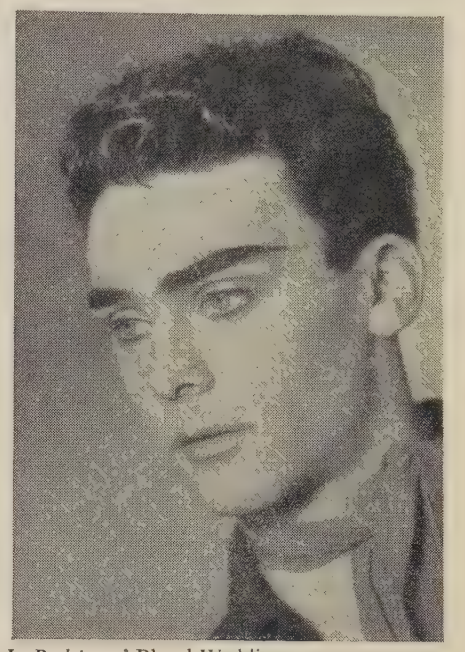
Dancer you will know



In Rodrigues' Blood Wedding
Photo: Denis de Marney

DAVID SHIELDS

BORN in Brentwood, Essex. Began tap-dancing at the age of 10 *at Miss S. Johnston's School in Leigh-on-Sea. Won a scholarship to the Sadler's Wells School in* 1950, *where his ballet training first started. Joined the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet in* 1952 *and remained with that company until he transferred to Covent Garden in August*, 1956.

Rôles: (in London) Benno in Swan Lake, Act II; *Betrothal Dance in* Coppélia; *Spanish Dance in* Casse Noisette; *Florestan in* Carnaval; *Fencing Master, Bravo and Violinist in* The Rake's Progress; *Brown Boy in* Les Patineurs; *Captain Belaye in* Pineapple Poll; *Captain Adoncino in* The Lady and the Fool; *Leonardo in* Blood Wedding; *Hedonist Artist in* Café des Sports; *Captain in* Saudades; *(in Granada Festival) Hilarion in* Giselle, Act II; *Prince in* Rose Adagio *from* The Sleeping Beauty.

WE are now used to the idea of dancers who have already achieved prominence with the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet being absorbed into the Covent Garden *corps* and, for the first few months at least, being lost from view. This is what has temporarily befallen David Shields. However, before his transfer he was able to give a number of interesting performances with the Theatre Ballet, and will doubtless soon be making his presence felt in the senior company.

His two most noteworthy parts were Captain Belaye in *Pineapple Poll* and Leonardo in *Blood Wedding*. He has a brash personality and a virile technique, and these parts exploited both qualities to the full. His Belaye was cocky rather than elegant, but brilliantly danced and almost engagingly self-assertive. As the lover in *Blood Wedding* he threw himself into its welter of blood and passion with complete conviction. When the time comes we look to him to make as significant a contribution to his new company.

DROP-CLOTH SKETCH: A drawing by Picasso for what was eventually the blue and grey front-cloth of The Three-Cornered Hat, *unfortunately no longer used in productions of this ballet today. Reproduced from* Picasso, *published by Thames and Hudson.*

He set the seal on modern ballet design

NEW BOOKS

Picasso. A study of his work by Frank Elgar, biographical study by Robert Maillard. (Thames and Hudson, 25*s*.)

BAKST and Benois changed the whole approach to ballet design in the early years of this century, then came Picasso. Here the irate reader rudely interrupts, "but why, sir, do you waste what you claim to be valuable space on a book about a painter who once distorted the human figure in cubes, then gave the human head two eyes on one side and has been known to do a number of terrible things which only the most decadent person could call art! Why don't you tell us more about those lovely books of photographs which are coming out all the time?"

Anything I might tell you, Oh best beloved reader, about those books of photographs would make not the slightest difference. You will buy them just the same. But I have a feeling that you will possibly not buy this book on Picasso because you may think that it does not concern ballet to any great extent. The fact is that it concerns ballet to a very great extent, though perhaps not so obviously as the photographs. It also happens to be wonderful value for the money.

Having passed through the expressionistic realism of his *Blue Period* to the mannerism of his *Rose Period*, Picasso became influenced by the primitive lyricism of Negro art. In following these varying paths of expression—it might be wrong to call them developments—one can see phases that have profoundly influenced ballet ever since. Not necessarily in the approach to design, though naturally his influence has been profound, but in the ideas which he released on the world from the Pandora's box which is the genius of the great Castilian master. The sad clown families (of the Blue and Rose periods) whose eternal environment is the wasteland on the outskirts of any city have been the subject of many a ballet; his opening up of Negro art influenced many a work in the 'twenties and 'thirties.

Passing on to cubism which, if he did not actually invent himself, he was partly responsible for, Picasso, persuaded by Jean Cocteau, came to ballet. His *Parade* in 1917 created a scandal in Paris and it did everybody a lot of good. The main objection was that the two managers in the ballet had costumes of cubes and cylinders. Not that anybody much wants a repetition of such unwieldy costumes for dancers, but it brought a vital art movement into the theatre and that was a great contribution to ballet. The two other ballets which followed—*The Three-Cornered Hat* and *Pulcinella* caused no scandal of this kind and they were examples of how easel painters can, if they are great enough, come to grips with the requirements of the theatre. It is incorrect to state, as is asserted in this book, that Picasso designed the *Cuadro Flamenco* set specially for a suite of gypsy dances. The set used was one of the discarded false proscenium originally intended, and thrown out by Diaghilev, for *Pulcinella*.

Picasso's only other major work for ballet was *Mercure* in 1924, which came during a period of sculpture, and for this he designed some mobile scenery. Apart from one of his post-war "candle" paintings, enlarged to form a front-cloth for Roland Petit's *Rendezvous*, Picasso's work has not been seen in ballet's theatres; but dancing and movement have been the subjects of many of his works in various mediums. In fact, there is hardly a page in this splendidly illustrated volume which is not of certain inspiration to those who profess to love the art of ballet. It surveys the output of this multi-sided genius from 1894 to 1955 and the colour reproduction is so good that it is still a mystery to me how the publishers managed to do it all for such a modest price. **P.W.**

In at the Birth

The Birth of Ballets-Russes, by Prince Peter Lieven (Allen & Unwin, 30*s*.)

STRANGE it is what small, seemingly unimportant incidents can change the whole course of history, ballet history no less than any other. It is impossible to imagine what might have happened to ballet in the West had it not been for the fact that Diaghilev was continually at loggerheads with the direction of the Imperial theatres in St. Petersburg. There would probably have been no Sadler's Wells, no British companies, no American companies and there would still be male dancers *en travestie* at a Paris Opéra performing ballets for a few goggle-eyed *abonnés*. Russian dancers and Russian ballet would have remained in Russia and we possibly would have had no desire to see them.

The early history of the forming of the Diaghilev ballet is graphically told in Prince Peter Lieven's book, which, together with the book by Alexandre Benois, gives us the best accounts of this time that we are ever likely to get. The reprinting of the former is an excellent excuse to remind ourselves of the vital years which went to make ballet of the 20th century what it has become. Prince Peter rightly places much of the credit on the titanic shoulders of Benois, without whom Diaghilev would never have received the instruction which made him the leader of a great company and of a great movement. But there are also a number of studies of the principal players in those early years—Bakst, Fokine, Nijinsky, Karsavina, Pavlova, and of course Diaghilev himself. The author sees the whole thing in a very realistic way without glossing over that side of an artist's life which many writers today are too prissy to even mention.

There is only one disconcerting feature of this book, in common with others of this period; Prince Peter has little use for anything much that happened in the Diaghilev Ballet after Fokine, Bakst and Benois retired from the scene. He tends to dismiss everything as being a striving after sensationalism, when in actual fact much of what happened in the 'twenties was a feverish search for new forms. Anyway, what is wrong with a little sensationalism? A little more of it in ballet would do everyone a great deal of good today.

In spite of this rather blind patch, and it must be remembered that this book was first published in 1936 when Diaghilev's last years were too close to be seen in their true perspective, this is an important volume which should be read and purchased by all who did not get the first edition. **P.W.**

Pictures Galore

L'Opéra de Pekin, by Claude Roy, photographs by Pic. *Le Ballet Moisseiev*, by Georges Soria, photographs by Pic (both published by Editions Cercle D'Art, 20 Rue Monsieur-le-Prince, Paris VI).

HERE come the books of photographs, and these two, publicised as souvenirs of those two most distinguished visitors to Western Europe—The Pekin Opera and the Moiseyev Ensemble—provide an admirable record of both companies. Pic's photographs are full of life and verve and give a great feeling of the virility which the Chinese and Russian dancers gave to their performances in the theatre. The book on the Pekin Opera has many plates in colour which show the strange traditional stylised make-up; in addition there are many of the costume designs illustrating the text.

Bolshoi Operas and Ballets (Sidgwick and Jackson, 6*s*.)

FOR those who collect everything possible about the Bolshoi there seem to be several inexpensive booklets. This latest one contains pictures of 12 operas and 12 ballets. The pictures are well reproduced but few of them have not appeared in other books. It is possibly for showing the immense scale of the productions in the Bolshoi Theatre that the book is really useful—vast scenes and *corps de ballet* of hundreds which could fit on no stage in England.

Svetlana Beriosova; *Six Dancers of Sadler's Wells*, both by Cyril Swinson (A. & C. Black, 6*s*. 6*d*. each).

FROM the age of 13, Beriosova seemed destined to become a ballerina. The photograph of her at this age in Cyril Swinson's book emphasises this fact clearly. At the age of 14, when she joined Metropolitan Ballet, although still immature, there was no doubt about it all and she was billed as such. Owing to her tours with Metropolitan she won a very

continued on opposite page

NEW RECORDS
Reviewed by DAVID HUNT

Music for the Seasons

Glazunov: *The Seasons*. Paris Conservatoire Orchestra (Albert Wolff). Decca LXT5240. 12in. 39*s*. 7½*d*.

"I MUST ask you, Monsieur Glazunov," wrote the venerable French choreographer Marius Petipa to his youthful collaborator, a gifted pupil of Rimsky-Korsakov and the future teacher of Prokofiev, "to be less dull."

Perhaps spurred on by this challenge, Glazunov put the best of himself into his three ballet scores, all done for Petipa—*Raymonda* (1898) and the one-acters *Les Ruses d'Amour* and *The Seasons*, both performed for the first time in 1900 at the Hermitage Theatre attached to the Czar's Winter Palace in St. Petersburg. Together with Drigo's *Les Millions d'Arlequin*, the third item on the programme, the ballets were unsuccessful, but scored a triumph shortly afterwards when transferred to the larger stage of the Maryinsky.

Though Glazunov was evidently less accommodating than Tchaikovsky had been ("Glazunov refuses to alter one single note in Legnani's variation, and still less will he suffer a tiny cut in the galop"), Petipa's notes, correspondence and the annotations he made in the margins of the scores suggest that Glazunov had no objections to cutting his musical cloth to fit dances the main details of which had already been worked out in Petipa's mind.

The Seasons, with its wealth of seductive melody and glittering orchestration, is in the composer's most urbane, sophisticated style and has frequently been choreographed, either in whole or in part. Fokine's version of the *Autumn Bacchanal* was one of the most popular divertissements in the Pavlova repertoire, though Pavlova had originally danced in the *Winter* tableau of Petipa's ballet.

More recently, in 1956, Walter Gore choreographed *The Seasons* in Paris for Irène Lidova's Ballets 1956, while for his *Birthday Offering* Frederick Ashton made use of music from *Winter* and *Summer*.

All the colourful delights of the score are well brought out in this brilliantly recorded performance. In one or two places—the *Hail* variation in *Winter* and the beginning of the Coda in *Summer*, for instance—Wolff does not equal Desormière's masterly sense of rhythm on the older Capitol LP recording, but the refinement of the orchestral playing and the superlative quality of the sound on this new Decca make this a secondary consideration.

Restrained Creation

Milhaud: *La Création du Monde*. Respighi: *The Fountains of Rome*. Suisse Romande Orchestra (Alberto Erede). Decca LX3153. 10in. 29*s*. 6½*d*.

ALTHOUGH this Swiss performance under an Italian conductor of Milhaud's jazz-inspired ballet of 1923 lacks something of the rhythmic vitality and attack of the French performance on a 12-inch Felsted disc which I reviewed in November, 1954, the playing is nevertheless beautifully polished and the recording of good quality.

The performance on the reverse of Respighi's popular symphonic poem, *The Fountains of Rome*, makes an enjoyable coupling, even if here again Erede errs too far on the side of restraint and good manners.

ANNA PAVLOVA, in about 1903, as Rime in Petipa's ballet The Seasons, *to music by Glazunov. A new recording of the score is reviewed this month.*

Re-issued Rimsky

Rimsky-Korsakov: *Scheherazade*. Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra (Antal Dorati). Mercury MRL2503. 12in. 39*s*. 7½*d*.

THIS is a re-issue by the Pye Group company with a different catalogue number of the same performance I reviewed in the September, 1954, number of DANCE AND DANCERS. The recording still sounds astonishingly brilliant, while Dorati's vital reading of the colourful score must remain first choice for those wanting a performance in which tempi correspond with how the music is—or used to be—played as accompaniment for Fokine's ballet.

However, of the numerous alternative LP versions, Argeo Quadri's equally well recorded interpretation on Nixa, a more personal and, I would say, a rather more sensitive account of the score than Dorati's, should also be heard before deciding.

Extracted Homage

Tchaikovsky: *Pas d'action* from *The Sleeping Beauty*. Chopin trans. Wilhelmj: Nocturne, Op. 27, No. 2. Philharmonia Orchestra (Efrem Kurtz). HMV 7ER5070. EP (45), 16*s*. 8½*d*.

THIS little disc will be welcomed by those who want Kurtz's performance of the first act *Rose Adagio* from *The Sleeping Beauty*—the best version available—but who might not want or cannot afford the complete *Homage to Pavlova* LP, from which both performances have been extracted. The orchestral transcription of the Chopin D flat Nocturne was the music for Pavlova's solo as the Chrysanthemum in her *Autumn Leaves*.

Flamenco for Pilar Lopez

The Joys and Sorrows of Andalusia. Luis Maravilla (guitar), Pepe Valencia (vocal). Ducretet-Thomson TKL93109. 12in. 35*s*. 1½*d*.

PREVIOUS recordings by musicians attached to internationally famous Spanish dance troupes have mostly taken the form of a mixed grill made up of examples of theatricalised classical and popular styles, with a flamenco bracket included for additional colour and variety. The performances by two members of the Pilar Lopez Ballet on this new disc, however, consist of first-rate flamenco singing by Pepe Valencia, interspersed with guitar solos by the celebrated Luis Maravilla, every moment of which reflects the high artistic integrity and seriousness that we have come to associate with all the different aspects of the Pilar Lopez company's performances.

Pepe Valencia has a vibrant and extremely flexible voice of attractive timbre which he uses with passionate conviction to convey all the exultant and tragic moods of the four songs—*Fandangos*, *Soleares y Seguiriyas*, *Bulerias* and *Tarantas*. Maravilla accompanies him with great skill and sensitivity and his playing of the four guitar solos—Variations in E Major, *Noche en Santa Cruz*, *Judea* and *Granadina*—rewardingly combines assured virtuosity with the right suggestion of spontaneous elaboration. Definitely a record which no flamenco collector should miss.

NEW BOOKS (*continued from opposite page*)

large following at a remarkably early age. By the time she joined the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet as a principal dancer she was firmly established. The only years in her professional dancing years when she was not officially considered to be a ballerina were her first three years with the Wells at Covent Garden, but even there she achieved ballerina status by 1955. The development of this beautiful artist is clearly shown in the present volume, which is one of the best of these inexpensive photo-biographies published by A. & C. Black.

Julia Farron, Leslie Edwards, Rosemary Lindsay, Alexander Grant, Elaine Fifield and David Blair are the six artists considered in *Six Dancers of Sadler's Wells*. The result is rather scrappy and one wishes that the volume had been given over entirely to those admirable soloists who are never likely to become great stars in the Wells ballet and earn books all to themselves. I cannot help feeling that in the not-too-distant future we shall get all these pictures of Fifield, Grant and Blair again in some such book. However, one particularly welcomes the sections on Farron and Edwards, who have proved themselves to be the backbone of the Wells company from those early days before the war. **P.W.**

An Introduction to Benesh Notation, by Rudolf and Joan Benesh. (A. & C. Black, 10*s*. 6*d*.)

AT the risk of perpetuating the long-waged combat, I must say that this attractively printed small volume puts itself at a disadvantage beside its rival, Ann Hutchinson's *Labanotation*. Those who already know something of the system will be disappointed that it goes no further than the lectures they have heard given by Joan and Rudolf Benesh themselves. It is, as the title indicates, no more than an introduction, and much is consequently left unsaid. The danger of this seems to be that students and dancers who are impressed by the system, and it is very easy to be won over by its ingenious simplicity, may go no further with the Beneshes, but use instead what they know of their system as a framework for developing it along their own personal lines.

The main advantages of the Benesh system (and these are important ones) are that it can be learned rapidly, written down with shorthand speed, and read back easily, while it is simple enough for a non-dancer to understand. It is encouraging to read that the authors intend to publish textbooks and ballet scores in the future. The illustrations, presumably by Rudolf Benesh, are admirable. The book must be studied by all interested in the science of dance. **E. C. Mason**

So You Want to Dance?

Schools and Teachers
by E. C. MASON

PUPIL OF PROMISE: Patricia Spalding correcting Chinko Rafique, a young pupil of half-Pakistani descent, of whom great things are expected. Photo: Martin Kravis

Teacher for Children

OVER the past two months I have been watching some classes given by Patricia Spalding, a well-known teacher who concentrates entirely on children's work. She was a pupil of Nicholas Legat for some years, and I was rather surprised when she told me that, apart from the few classes she did with Madame Nicolaeva-Legat after Legat's death, she has not studied since then with any other teacher. This is rather unusual because most of Legat's pupils went to other teachers, and those who have since become teachers themselves must have been influenced, in greater or less degree, by their post-Legat studies. Although Patricia Spalding has also studied *pas de deux* with Aubrey Hitchens and character dance with Algeranoff, it is the Legat system entirely that she now teaches.

First Studio

While Antony Tudor was choreographer for the Opera Ballet at Covent Garden she was a member of that company, later leaving it to join the Markova-Dolin Company. When an injury forced her to leave the stage, she turned to teaching and opened a studio near Sloane Square. The outbreak of war made it necessary to leave London and the school re-assembled at Torquay. A year later, unfortunately, after-effects of her old injury affected her health and this was the beginning of five years in bed. After prolonged treatment she gradually recovered and returned to London, but felt that she would no longer be able to teach. She was under-estimating the persuasiveness of some of her former pupils, who looked her up and begged her to start teaching again.

Now she has two schools, one at the Dinely Studios near Baker Street, and another at Dalston, and is a member of the Executive and Examining Committees of the Federation of Russian Classical Ballet. Though she frankly admits that continuous demonstrating is still difficult, it is more than worthwhile for her to be able to work in ballet again and see dancers developing in her classroom.

Russian System

She has a genuine gift for teaching children and it has been my experience that her methods, based on the Russian system, enable young dancers to develop with confidence. They are taught to understand the logical build-up of her classes and, therefore, appreciate the need for attentive work. Each *enchaînement* follows the one that went before in such a way that a problem from the previous exercise may be repeated; sometimes to set a trap to discover which students really understood its performance when it was explained a few moments earlier.

Expressive movements require a very exact use of certain muscles and no mere approximation can be a substitute. If used with precision, the force and tensions so essential to ballet result in relaxed and expressive movement. "And so from the earliest stages of training," says Patricia Spalding, "I endeavour to develop in them an awareness of the essential push and pull, tensions and relaxations, in the vital areas of their bodies for the successful execution of work." As children like to know how and why, they easily assimilate this method, and the need to do so is soon demonstrably apparent to them.

"Ballet," she says, "should never be split into two sections, technique and expression. Expression must be the inevitable outcome of technique." Therefore, she believes that it is vitally important for each movement to be performed with full presentation from the outset, so that any extra touch of emotion or expression can be easily brought out without self-consciousness at any stage.

Children develop into individuals with definite characteristics, and the teacher can do a great deal to assist the young dancer to develop *all* her powers. As any child will eventually have to use the whole body as a means of expression, she believes that it can be harmful for a teacher to concentrate too much on the movements of isolated parts of the body. For example, a young dancer who becomes too technically interested in the performance of only her feet or legs may always give an unbalanced performance. She also feels that one feature of our English style is a tendency towards stiffness which, she believes, can be prevented by Russian style training.

Folk-dance and Drama

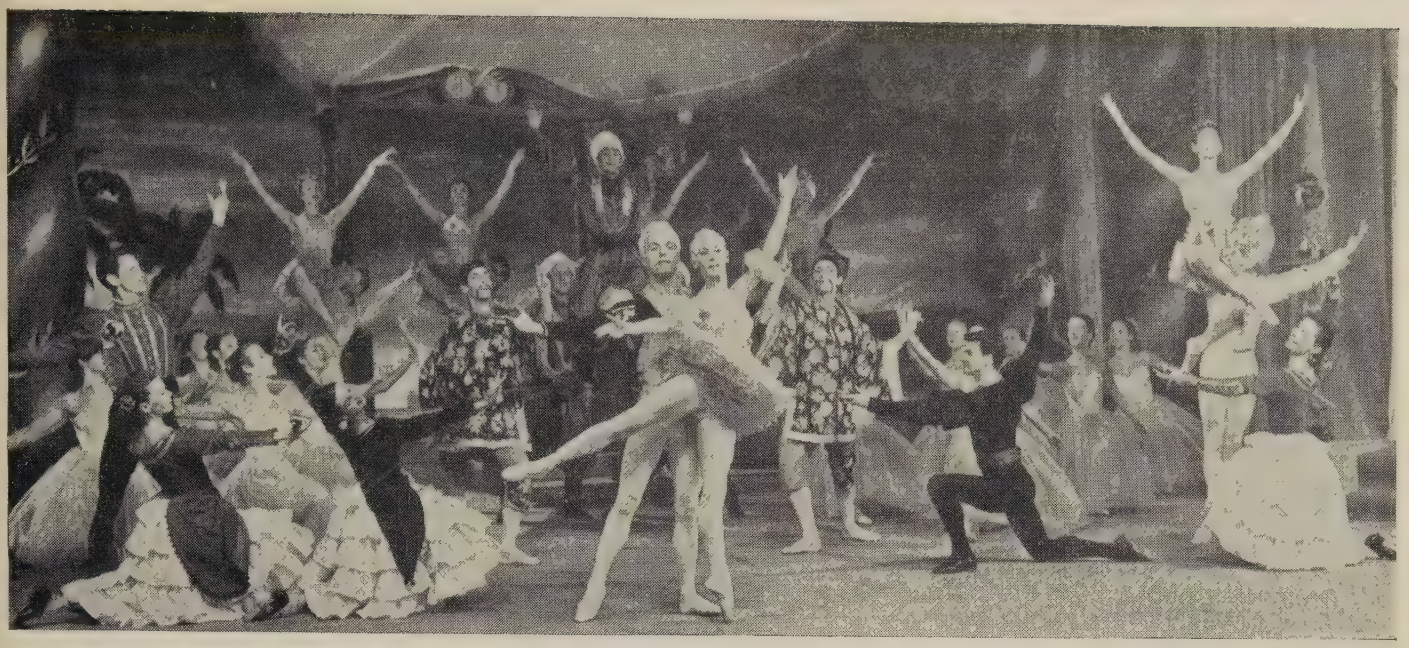
Her two studios now take up so much of her time that she has little leisure to devote to her other dance interests. These include folk-dance, on which subject she has written articles. She has also prepared choreography based, not on the actual steps involved, but on the sequences and patterns of English folk-dance. The dances she has arranged for her students' recitals are pleasantly novel and it is no exaggeration to say that she has few rivals as a children's choreographer. She also gave lessons at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art for a period, where she attempted to give drama students physical strength and greater control through ballet exercises—but avoiding turn-out—so that they could perform whatever movements were required of them in productions. In addition to this work, she has prepared her own sets of exercises combining the phrasing of speech with particular movements to assist those students whose work, she felt, needed ease and relaxation.

Children's classes are at Dineley's Studios, near Baker Street, on Monday and Wednesday at 5.30 p.m.; Friday at 5 and 6 p.m.; private lessons only on Tuesday and Thursday. On Saturday at 11 a.m. there is a class at the Dalston Methodist Hall, Richmond Road, Dalston.

PLEASE HELP!

THE number of ballet studios is diminishing and the position is becoming really alarming. Teachers are unable to pay high rentals and compete with business interests for suitable premises. Only recently one of our most prominent teachers, Cleo Nordi, had to give up the studio she has been teaching in for the past two years. Although she has been searching every day, she has been unable to find another. If any reader knows of any premises available which would be suitable for ballet classes, we will gladly pass the information on to Madame Nordi.

POTENTIAL STARS: A group of Patricia Spalding's young pupils during class. Photo: Martin Kravis



FINALE: Members of London's Festival Ballet in the last moment of their television presentation of The Nutcracker. *Wright and Gilpin, as the Sugar Plum Fairy and her cavalier, are centre; on either side of them are Anita Landa and Louis Godfrey as Spanish dancers. Marilyn Burr, as a Mirliton, is seen on the shoulder of a cavalier on the right.*

Photo: BBC

Condensed Nutcracker

Given on BBC Television on December 16. Adapted for television by Anton Dolin and Margaret Dale. Designer, Richard Wilmot. The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Geoffrey Corbett. Produced by Margaret Dale.

Cast

The Sugar-Plum Fairy BELINDA WRIGHT
The Nutcracker Prince JOHN GILPIN
Little Clara MAUREEN WEBSTER

Divertissements

Spanish Dance: ANITA LANDA, LOUIS GODFREY and PAMELA HART, MAURICE METLISS, JANET OVERTON, KENNETH SUDELL
Mirlitons: MARILYN BURR and JEANETTE MINTY, JOYCE LYNDON, DIANE WESTERMAN, ANNE MORRELL
Chinese Dance: TERRY GILBERT, GEOFFREY DAVIDSON
Trepak: RONALD EMBLEN, RUSSELL KERR, DONALD McALPINE
and Full Company

IT seems that many viewers actually prefer to have their classics potted than sit through whole ballets. In any case, with television production so erratic, it is more than likely that it could make 90 solid minutes of even *Swan Lake* appear too unsubstantial. Considering the talents assembled in this case, many viewers must have been surprised that the results were not better. Telescoping the ballet into a half-hour programme seemed to be a difficult project for Margaret Dale and Anton Dolin.

The production was at its worst on the design side. The ornate and sumptuous décor for the Prologue would have looked satisfactory on stage, but on television its detail was so elaborate that the two dancers looked unreal. Clara watched her Christmas tree grow to magnificent dimensions, and John Gilpin as the Prince materialised before it to lead her off to the Land of Snow. This was done by way of a film extract in slow motion, with the dancers swirling and floating through the mist. This was certainly a good idea, for Gilpin's turns *en attitude* can stand up to the close inspection of slow motion, but it did not quite come off. Somehow the music did not seem to synchronise with the film, while what could have been an effective change of scene was spoilt, seemingly, by a camera breakdown.

TELEVISION
Reviewed by E. C. MASON

The Kingdom of Sweets was marred by a décor which could have been a set of *Aladdin*, with two spidery palm-trees obtruding in the background. The lighting was flat and insipid, and the dancing area too cramped for the *corps*. John Gilpin and Belinda Wright danced well, although a little below their stage standards. But the responsibility of appearing before an audience of millions is not one that can be taken lightly, and I suspect that studio conditions do not help artists maintain their customary poise.

The *Trepak*, danced by Ronald Emblen, Russell Kerr and Donald McAlpine, was the most effective of the *divertissements*. Maureen Webster, one of the best Little Claras this company has possessed, did most to hold the programme together. The cameras turned to her after each *divertssement* and it was her air of childlike wonder and rapt enjoyment (idolising her Nutcracker Prince) which held the attention of the viewers. With little help from anyone except the two Chinese, danced by Terry Gilbert and Geoffrey Davidson, she sustained her acting through innumerable close-ups. How well she understands her rôle! She must have been very much to the taste of the younger viewers.

In addition to the pleasure no doubt derived by a very large number of viewers from this production and the publicity that any television presentation is bound to give a company, Festival Ballet emerged from this occasion with something to their benefit. Some of the rearrangements of the choreography made by Margaret Dale, based on the Wells productions she knows so well, have been incorporated in Festival's *The Nutcracker* as it is given in the theatre, and to the ballet's advantage.

GREETINGS FROM CLARA: Maureen Webster, as Little Clara, with Wright and Gilpin in the Kingdom of Sweets.

Photo: BBC

CADETS IN A GIRLS' SEMINARY: The corps de ballet *of Ballet Theatre in Lichine's* Graduation Ball *in Monte Carlo.* *Photo: Roy Round*

Ballet Theatre in Monte Carlo

America's first important ballet company opened a European tour at Covent Garden in the late summer, a tour which took them to most of Europe's important cities, then to the Middle East, from which they had to retreat owing to the international situation. The closing stages brought them to Monte Carlo, to the theatre which this century's most famous companies have used as their headquarters.

Specially photographed by ROY ROUND

TREES laden with oranges and mimosa blossom instead of bare branches seen through damp fog, that is Monte Carlo at Christmas time. From the middle of December to the middle of January is nowadays the most important season for ballet in the theatre which Diaghilev once used to try out and polish up his creations. For several years, London's Festival Ballet has been the winter guest on the Côte d'Azure but this year it was America's turn. Ballet Theatre are not the first American guests in Prince Rainier's principality: a few years ago New York City Ballet appeared there. The new transatlantic ties brought about by the Prince's marriage to Hollywood film star Grace Kelly gives Monaco even greater importance to America.

Reaching the end of a rather unsettling foreign tour, including a retreat from the Middle East owing to the tense situation there, Ballet Theatre's Monte Carlo season opened on December 22 with Prince Rainier and Princess Patricia Grace unofficially in attendance. Unofficially because the Princess is expecting a baby in the very near future.

It is odd how nearly every visiting company anywhere seems destined to choose the wrong opening programme. Balanchine's *Theme and Variations* to Tchaikovsky music contains some fine choreography but the designs of Woodman Thompson are so sickly that an audience which appreciates smart theatre decoration was bound to be slightly affronted. Apart from this, the ballet was not well danced. The principal ballerina rôle is wrong for Rosella Hightower and although her partner Scott Douglas is a beautifully placed classical dancer he lacked all the excitement which his predecessors such as Youskevitch and Bruhn achieved in the past. The famous *rond de jambe* variation should be a knock-over; in this case it was only agreeable. The two of them seemed ill at ease in the *pas de deux* and the *corps de ballet* had a very end-of-tour look about it. If the corps lacks precision in this type of Balanchine ballet, then all is lost.

Un Tramway Nommé Désir (Tennessee Williams' "Streetcar") will never be my favourite ballet. Valerie Bettis' choreography is an unhappy mixture of expressive and classical dancing—for no reason at all Blanche is called upon to execute purely classical steps such as *pirouettes en attitude*. Alex North's score, adapted from the background music of the film, becomes unbearably banal in the theatre. So it says a great deal for the artists of Ballet Theatre that the ballet still has considerable theatrical impact. Nora Kaye, as the poor crazy mixed-up Blanche, gives a performance of tremendous dramatic *tour de force*.

The hall-mark of a great artist is how much of her background she can convey to the audience—by the simplest possible means. In just the way that Kaye looks at a man, it is possible to know exactly what her past life has been. All that is passing through her mind is made perfectly clear as she touches certain objects. Her final empty blank expression as she is taken off to an institution is almost unbearably poignant. Well cast also are John Kriza as the brutal Stanley, Christine Mayer as his adoring and terrified wife and the sober Mitch of Scott Douglas. Each one of these performances succeed in making solid bricks out of most inferior straw.

After the revelation of Lupe Serrano and Erik Bruhn in the *Don Quixote pas de deux* on the last night of Ballet Theatre's London season to see this again was an event to which I was greatly looking forward. Unfortunately Bruhn was suffering from knee trouble and unable to dance; in his place was Michael Lland. However, nothing seems to dim the lustre of Serrano who is one of the most exciting dancers to come to us from America. She is a beautiful girl, has great style which is never exaggerated, turns brilliantly and jumps in a way that would provoke applause at the Bolshoi Theatre. In many years of seeing this *pas de deux* splendidly given by the world's finest stars, I have not been so elated as I have when watching this girl. Lland was competent, he beats well though is weak in *tours en l'air*, has the rather thick figure we now associate with Bolshoi males, but he was no real replacement for Bruhn.

The final ballet in the opening programme—De Mille's *Rodeo*—was really the sort of work that the Monte Carlo audience expected to see. I like these lusty rip-roaring Westerns, and the company never fails to put its best feet forward in lassoin', hard ridin' and exuberant square dancin'. Annabelle Gold is excellent at the indefatigable sore-seated Cow Girl. Copland's open-spaced score carries the whole thing along with a refreshing gusto which brought a breath of prairie air to the relaxed atmosphere of the Mediterranean.

The next programme brought two excerpts from *Swan Lake*, Act II and the *Black Swan pas de deux*, with Hightower and Kaye alternating on two evenings. Hightower's Odette and Kaye's Odile I was unable to see, but I did see them in the reverse order. Kaye's Odette is very brilliant and strong and her interpretation is subtle. She does, however, lack the flowing line which is really essential for this rôle at its best. Scott Douglas partnered her well and the *corps de ballet* showed less signs of tour fatigue.

I have a feeling that the Soviet companies have spoiled us for Western performances of this classic. Hightower's Odile in *Black Swan* has brought her world fame and particularly is it loved in France. Again, if I find rather a falling off in her performance it may be due to the Bolshoi (I suppose this is going to crop up for ever now!). Even so, her slow *pirouettes à la seconde* in the variation are less remarkable than of old and the lack of pliancy in her back and the way she elbows her way through are faults which detract from the perfection I expect in isolated *pas de deux* by great stars. As her partner, Scott Douglas was good where more should be expected—Golovine and Bruhn, in the past, have given this male rôle the same importance as that of the ballerina.

Dollar's *Le Combat* seems to pop up everywhere and really it is not surprising. It has an effective score by Raffaelo de Banfield and the story of Tancredi and Clorinda's duel before the walls of Jerusalem is as good an excuse for an elaborate *pas de deux* as any. Here again Lupe Serrano showed her mettle and she danced this horse-riding tragedy for all she was worth—and she's worth a lot. Her opponent was John Kriza.

This must be an exhausting work to dance and extremely difficult to express the feelings passing through the minds of the protagonists because both are helmeted and be-visored. Apart from a few moments at the end all expression has to be transmitted through the body. The fact that both made it into a most moving experience says a great deal for their artistry. Long shall I remember Serrano's scissor-like brilliance.

The final ballet—Lichine's *Graduation Ball*—is a work which the Royal Danes have bludgeoned me into liking, as nobody else seems able to give it such infectious gaiety. Coming nowhere to the Scandinavian sincerity and understanding, the American's still made it a rollicking ending ballet, though it is cute rather than charming.

Harold Lang, as the First Cadet, here has a rôle which fits his exuberant musical comedy

MOTHER CHRISTMAS: After the matinée on December 25, Ballet Theatre gave a party at their Monte Carlo hotel. Beverly Simms as Mother Christmas distributed the presents which the company gave each other. Here is Nora Kaye and her dog receiving theirs.

PRESENT FOR KRIZA: John Kriza, who together with Nora Kaye, has a principal rôle in the new MacMillan ballet which the company spent most of Christmas rehearsing.

personality as neatly as the white gloves he wears for the part. Ruth Ann Koesun led the posse of Young Ladies with ingenuous high spirits; she is an artist who never fails to give a good performance of anything. After the superb Head Mistress of Gerda Karstens, I shall never willingly accept this rôle *en travestie* again but Fernand Nault does the best that any male can. Charles Bennett was too young and lacked the necessary style to make the visiting General other than a cardboard hero. The ballet went down well with the audience and it was a pity that this whole programme was not given on the opening night.

Taras's *Designs with Strings* is a work for which I shall always have a personal affection, having been associated to some extent with its original production for Metropolitan Ballet. It is an abstract work of great sensitivity and masterly simplicity and it stands up well to time even after many years of our being saturated with abstract works. The Ballet Theatre sextet (Koseun, Sharon Enoch, Mayer, Elizabeth Carrol, Douglas and Lland) give it very well but the lighting needs attention as it should be an integral part of the mood of the choreography and music. Nor did I like some messy flowers which Irene Sharaff has placed on the corsage of the girls.

As in London, Hightower's Giselle was the best rôle she gave during the season. Beautifully danced throughout, specially in the second act, she tends to over-dramatise the first. The madness of the poor peasant girl should surely be touching rather than exaggerated heroic drama. Kriza, replacing Bruhn at short notice, made Albrecht plausible if never touching greatness. Lupe Serrano repeated her fine portrayal of Myrtha—her *jetés* are something to be seen. But what an unfortunate job Berman has made of the designing! After the realism of the Bolshoi this production seems even worse than it did before.

Robbins' *Interplay* was one of the first musical comedy jazz ballets; it remains one of the best but I have tired of Sharaff's gym tunics for the girls and the colours no longer seem chic. Re-dressed this work could become a classic of a certain *genre*. It was crisply danced by Harold Lang and seven dancers.

P.W.

To be continued next month. The March issue will also contain pictures of the creation of MacMillan's new work for Ballet Theatre.

FANCY FREE: Two Ballet Theatre dancers, Sally Gura and Leslie Franzos, with nautical escorts, on the boom of the American destroyer USS Heermann *in Monaco harbour.*

CREATING IN THE SUN: Nicholas Georgiadis (left) and Kenneth MacMillan thinking about their new work for Ballet Theatre while seated on the terrace of the Casino.

SADLER'S WELLS BALLET

Ballet's decadent period

AFTER the intensity of the recent Bolshoi season, to be faced with Delibes' *Sylvia* makes us more conscious than ever before of ballet's decadent period in the last century. The only reason for its survival is its magnificent score and, in spite of what many musical pundits may say, it remains one of the finest ballet scores of the last century up to the time that Tchaikovsky embarked on his full-length ballets. But however fine a piece of literature Tasso's *Aminta* may be, there is no doubt that as a ballet scenario it reaches rock-bottom in stupidity. Nobody could really care what happens to anybody, and, apart from the incident when Aminta shields Eros from Sylvia's arrow, one could hardly say that he had to perform any great feat to win his future wife. There is little excuse to drag the whole thing over three acts.

In his choreographic reconstruction, Ashton has done a most praiseworthy job, he has eliminated what were presumably long passages of mime, used neo-classicism throughout while giving every movement certain characteristics of the French school of the last century. It was no small achievement and one only wishes that his great talent had been expended on something more worthwhile. It was just unfortunate for ballets of this period that Tchaikovsky happened to be born, because everything he did was so exciting and dramatic; unfortunate, perhaps, but it is doubtful whether without a Tchaikovsky, ballet would have survived as it has to this day.

Sylvia came back into the Wells' make-shift season on December 5 and within its very limited orbit it was well danced. Fonteyn danced beautifully in the title rôle, though, of course, she had no real chance to shine until the variation and *pas de deux* in the final act. To both of these she gave all she could and the audience reacted with a roar. Somes as Aminta makes a stirring figure of a man, and his maturity suits the rôle. He can get away with things that performed by slips of boys would look merely idiotic, and I have a feeling that some of those Bolshoi males could also fit into this ballet.

On the occasions when Fonteyn had to be partnered by John Hart, as the evil seducer Orion, I got the impression that they had not rehearsed much together. She approached him with uncertainty, and he did not always seem sure as to which hand he should support her with. All rather strange because Hart is one of the most reliable of partners.

Alexander Grant has introduced more humour to the rôle of Eros and it was all to the good; in addition he gave a finely-burnished performance. As the pair of Offenbachian sacrificial goats in the last act, Maryon Lane and Peter Clegg were splendid; she was the best she-goat I have ever seen in this rôle. In the *corps de ballet* I saw a number of boys and girls jumping to a remarkable height, which reminded me very much of the *corps* in that other company.

There have been two notable changes, or rather additions. At the end of Act II, after the transformation when Sylvia is released from Orion's grotto, the sleeping body of Aminta is seen at the feet of Eros on his rock. This is a move in the right direction, because it brings Aminta into this act, but it seems odd that Sylvia should still go pirouetting off in another direction instead of approaching the man she loves.

In Act II, that unfortunate painting of Diana and Endymion which used to appear so unconvincingly in the clouds, has been replaced by two dancers—Yvonne Cartier and Richard Farley—who perform a most realistic *tableau vivant* which brings a bit of sex in at a moment when it is direly needed.

Apart from all this the remainder of the company did not bring any great distinction. Those leap-frogging Sylvans and those shell-clattering Naiads of the opening scene sounded like a herd of elephants, and the other *corps de ballet* scenes and ensembles had an impromptu air. But it must be hard for the poor things to do anything with much conviction in these ridiculous costumes, which are surely the ugliest that any post-war dancer has been forced to appear in before an audience. The orchestra also seemed to be affected by the costumes; it emitted very audible squeaks and groans from time to time, with which I fully sympathised, but I doubt if Delibes would.

P.W.

Two from the trio

TASTES change; so, possibly, do performances. When Ashton's *Sylvia* was first produced in 1952 I find, on looking at my original notice, that I thought the ballet's last act came as a disappointment after what had gone before. Now this act, crowned with its magnificent *pas de deux*, which from the first I praised unreservedly, seems to me the best part of the ballet. On the other hand the Amazonian prancings and pastoral junketings of the first act have started to become an infernal bore.

Choreographically the rôle of Sylvia is a rich one. Yet the character is less interesting than Aurora or Odette-Odile, and it is difficult to make it convincing dramatically.

Svetlana Beriosova's performance at the matinée on December 8 was most rewarding. Last season the young ballerina had developed a rather melancholy air, a composure too serene and a gravity too ponderous for her youth. This was far from being evident in all her work, yet there was a tendency towards an unrelieved seriousness far removed from her natural temperament.

Here in *Sylvia* any clouds of gloom that might have settled round her head were entirely dissipated by her high spirits. Her dancing was buoyant and assured, frank and open-hearted. As usual she danced with her whole body, giving each step its rightful due, and her acting was as unaffected as her dancing. This radiant performance was, in its own way, as notable as her first Giselle.

The last of the season's trio of Sylvias was Beryl Grey, dancing the rôle on December 20. This has always been one of Grey's best parts. The first act she does as well as anyone—including Fonteyn—and the spaciousness and breadth of her style is well served by the last act.

The voluptuousness simulated by Sylvia in the second act still eludes her. Nature has given her an irretrievably kind face, the general expression of which no amount of art can do much about. She was acting extremely well, but even as a pretended siren she remained the type of girl any boy (even Orion) would feel quite safe in taking home to Mother. In anything requiring graciousness and charm she, of course, has a natural advantage and she also has more than her share of intelligence.

This last quality not only enables her to use her height and beautiful line to their full effect, but often gives her an instinctive sense of style and period. Through her interpretation of Ashton's modern neo-classical choreography she contrives to suggest the older choreographic style that is evoked by the ballet's scenery and costumes.

Both ballerinas were partnered by Philip Chatfield as Aminta, and Bryan Ashbridge, making his first appearances as Orion. Chatfield partnered well throughout, particularly with Grey. When she had the misfortune to slip in the last act *pas de deux*, both dancers carried off the situation with superb aplomb. As a dancer Chatfield continues to improve; he now uses his height to give himself more elevation and throws himself body and soul into his variation.

Ashbridge danced Orion better than either of his two predecessors. His acting was not so melodramatically effective as Hart's, but time will presumably give him more assurance. He accomplished the difficult partnering with distinction, except for the final lift at the end of Sylvia's Bacchic dance, which was a little unsteady. He and Grant also need to practise the hand-stand in the last act.

Clive Barnes

LONDON'S FESTIVAL BALLET

Back in a real theatre

FOR several years, the London public has only been able to see Festival Ballet on the decked-up concert hall platform of the Festival Hall. The company's recent season gave us a chance of assessing the company under normal theatre conditions.

Few ballets are more suitable for Christmas than Harald Lander's version of *Coppélia* which was given on the opening night, December 19. The work has gaiety and charm and this version makes the story of the slighted girl who temporarily takes on the rôle of a mechanical doll ideal for the pantomime season. Some people are inclined to think that there is too much mime in this Danish version of the ballet which Saint-Léon originally created for the Paris Opéra. It is true, of course, that the better-known version based on Petipa's revision for St. Petersburg cuts mime to a minimum and concentrates more on *soli*, *pas de deux* and character ensembles. Nevertheless the Festival Ballet version comes as a welcome change and the company dance it all with such conviction that the ballet breathes fresh life.

Belinda Wright is the ideal Swanilda and gives the appearance of adoring to dance the rôle. We in our turn adore her. John Gilpin, as the fickle Franz, has greatly improved his interpretation and gave it as much naive bounce as one could wish for. Both have new red and white costumes for the last act which are all to the good. Maillart's setting had not gained to the extent I had hoped for away from the concert platform; but then it was originally designed for that uncomfortable form of presentation. Anyway the lighting was rather dim.

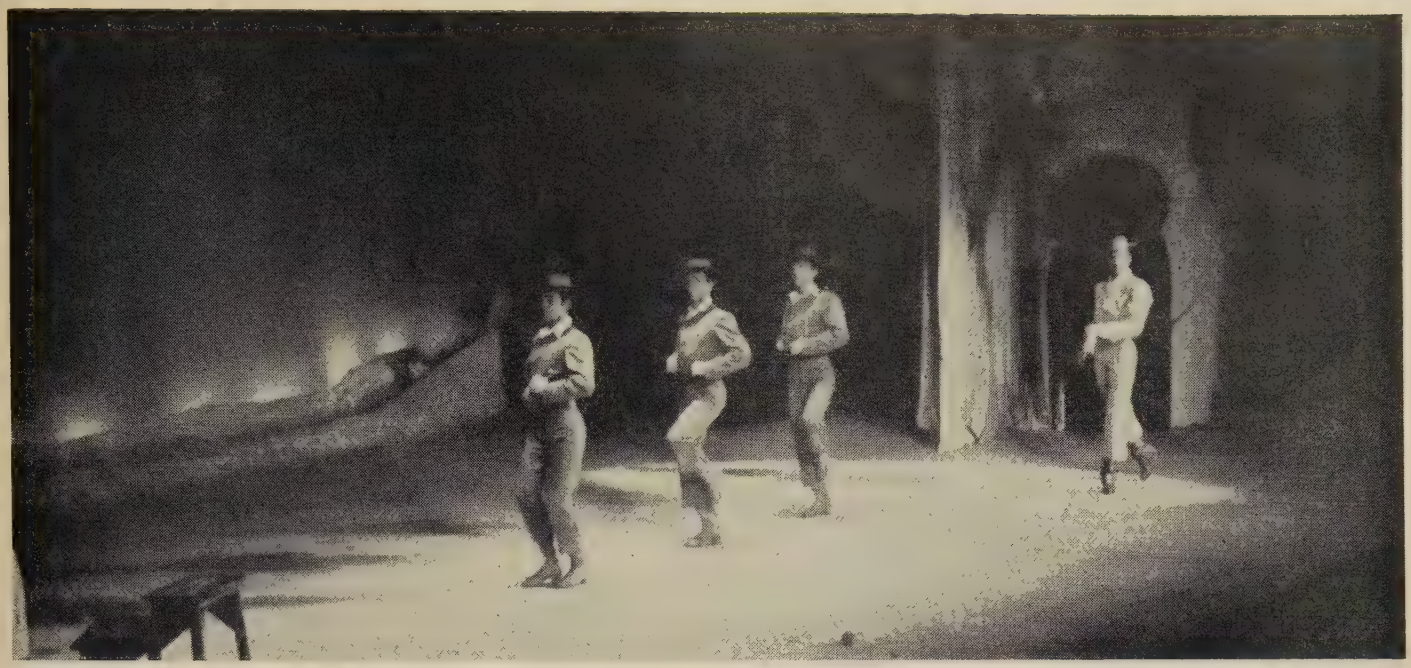
P.W.

The remainder of Festival Ballet's season will be reviewed next month.

JOSÉ GRECO

THE Renaissance man now being dead, critics are a lot more highly specialised than they like to let on. How many ballet critics, whatever they know about the classical or even the modern dance, really know much about Spanish dancing? Of course, by now we have all seen a lot of Spanish dancing and can talk about *zapateado* with the bemused expression of the *aficionado*, but I wonder whether more than two or three of us are able to discuss style in this regional dialect with the same authority we can bring to our mother tongue of the classic dance? All the rest of us are forced to be almost entirely subjective.

These thoughts were prompted by the José Greco season which opened at the Festival Hall



SPAIN ON THE SOUTH BANK. José Greco (left) with three male dancers of his company in the famous dance El Cortijo. *Picture taken during a performance at the Festival Hall. Photo: Paul Wilson*

on December 24. It was in 1951 that Greco's company first played in London, on that memorable occasion when he coincided with Antonio's first visit to our capital. Greco and Antonio! At the time the individual merits of each became the subject of quite a controversy. I remember that then I preferred Greco; he seemed the more virile, his arrogant grace and proud, almost stiff, carriage appealed to me as "typically Spanish." I also liked his company and his programmes.

Now he has returned to Europe, after five years more or less continuously in America. His company has largely changed, and his style of programme has also undergone a marked development. When we saw him in 1951 he had only quite recently parted company with Pilar Lopez, and his programmes leant to some extent, although we did not realise it at the time, on the repertory and style of Argentinita's Ballet Espagnol. A few of the old numbers are still retained (*Madrid* 1890 and *La Castellana*, to say nothing of his famous *zapateado* number *El Cortijo*), but most of the programme is new.

Let me say from the outset that for the general theatrical public who, bless them, just want an evening out, this is probably the most "entertaining" of all the three Spanish companies that have visited us this autumn. It is also by any artistic standards the least interesting. Well-produced, well-designed, well-dressed, artistically it did not rise, I felt, much above the level of very slick cabaret. Luisillo and Antonio are trying hard to extend the range of Spanish dancing, but this was obviously not the intention of Greco. For me Luisillo's brief dramatic fragment about the blind man (*El Ciego*) was worth all of Greco's programme put together.

Greco himself is certainly a natty dresser, and has a big theatrical personality (although to nothing like the same degree as Antonio), but the stiff, arrogant style I found so attractive in 1951, now appears to be little more than a mannerism. And some time before the end of the programme his extrovert brashness became rather wearing.

The girls in the company were, on the whole, very pretty and this I liked immensely. The uninhibited verve of Ramon Velez and, more especially if more vulgarly, José Mancilla were also invigorating. Furthermore, we had Rosario Caro, who has been here before, I think, with Luisillo, singing cheerfully expressive songs, the lyrics of which I suspect were bawdy, to a complacently contented audience. She seemed to be having more genuine fun than anyone.

But let me not be unjust to José Greco and his troupe; as a well-known critic might say of Lorca's *Blood Wedding on Ice*, of its type, it's perfect. It reminded me of a *paella* I once ate in a Paris suburb—the ingredients were expensive but the spirit was somehow lacking.

Clive Barnes

DANCE LECTURES

Eilean Pearcey on *The Dancing Sculptures of India*. Given at the Federation of Russian Classical Ballet on November 25.

EILEAN PEARCEY, who has been in India several times, is an artist who specialises in drawing dancers in action. In this lecture, which was illustrated by slides and three short films, including the quite well known one of Ram Gopal and Shevanti, she was, as the title hints, more concerned with art than dance, and Indian art in relation to its sources of inspiration, both religious and philosophical.

The beautiful language of the hand signs, the *mudras*, and their symbolic meanings, were briefly discussed. Some of the illustrations were part of large architectural designs, but the majority were individual bronzes of figures, to quote Eilean Pearcey, "swelling in majestic proportions as if modelled from within." In most of the illustrations of the dancing figures —Shiva, for example, dancing eternally in his circle of fire in the centre of the universe—the whole body is imbued with movement and the mood of the movement.

The lines and rhythms of Indian dance sculpture keep the eyes moving over the limbs. In fact, the action carries on from the previous

NEW PARTNER:

José Greco with Lola de Ronda, who is new to the company since it last appeared in England, at the Sadler's Wells Theatre in 1951. *In the intervening years Greco and his company have danced across North and South America with enormous success.*

Photo: Paul Wilson

movement and even foreshadows the movement to come. This she compares with her general impression of medieval sculpture where the groups are caught and frozen in often violent movement in almost cinema-still fashion.

The impact of this talk, and I am not, of course, suggesting that this applies to the lecturer herself, is that very few of us know anything about Indian dance, even those of us who have seen a comparatively large amount of Indian dancing over the years. **E. C. Mason**

SCHOOL RECITALS

The Associated Arts School

On November 21, the Associated Arts School, under the direction of Letty Littlewood, gave a students' recital at Wimbledon.

A NUMBER of schools have given considerable thought to the task of raising the standards of children's performances and providing young dancers with simple, but nonetheless interesting, choreography which is within their technical range. This type of entertainment is inevitably scrappy, and one is never free from the thought of drudgery behind the scenes —the old formula of harassed mothers sewing for months beforehand to make the show a success. In this case the costumes, though on the whole modest, were designed with taste (mainly by Rosemary Hulls) and extremely well executed.

The staging was far above the standards we have come to expect from this type of entertainment, and the small ballets and solos which made up the programme were as varied as possible. They included some good examples of modern dance and even Spanish dance.

Nerves and the exceptionally cold evening affected few of the performers. In fact, there were some quite remarkable performances by some extremely young dancers, in particular that of Mary Willis, a potentially strong dancer with a gentle, individual personality. Anthea Fry, Julia Palmer, Alison Fiske, Katherine Ruse, Ann Maltby, Gillian Sutcliffe and Jeremy Sutcliffe all show considerable promise, although I should prefer them to concentrate entirely on classical ballet, especially Alison Fiske, for a few more years. **E. C. Mason**

Jean Denning's Children Ballet Group

IT does not seem probable that any of the parents of children who appeared in these performances at the Twentieth Century Theatre will be faced with that dreadful dilemma—what to do with the wonder child, the child of such talent and promise that its needs must disorganise the whole family for years. By this I do not mean to imply that the recital was below standard. It was actually a great deal better than most, and some extremely talented children danced.

Jean Denning, however, concentrates on teaching children whose parents do not intend them to go on the stage. As each child has only one class a week, a conventional children's ballet recital is not really possible. Classical ballet is taught, but the type of movement used in the performances is more of the Margaret Morris-Jooss-Leeder school. Music takes a more important place than is usual: in this school it is considered an essential part of the dance and not just an accompaniment.

Talented and untalented children have an equal chance. A talented child, for example, may be permitted (even in performance) to give her own "free movement" interpretation, provided it is a musical interpretation. A less talented child will have all her steps set beforehand. Again, the more talented may be guided by suggestion, while the untalented are asked to copy. Jean Denning is well aware of the pitfall of imposing adult conceptions of movement on young pupils, and of the danger of destroying a child's spontaneity by overcorrection and replacing it with self-consciousness.

Each child is taught to give of her own personality for the good of the group, as stress is laid on working as a complete unit, no dancer being unimportant however small a part she takes, and none so important that they can manage without the co-operation of the group. Actually the children organise the production themselves, buttoning each other up and finding their places on stage without the assistance of a single mother in the wings.

Praise must be given to the costumes, made out of the most modest materials, especially the dragonflies, the waterlily, the birds and leaves, the animal masks in *Kensington Gardens* and the cards and court card masks in *A Game of Patience*. On the classical side I would say that the most promising pupils are Sylvia Bull, Grettal Plumbly and Victoria Miles, while Christine Stanley, Chloe Gear, Catherine Beverley, Sue Komarakul, Dorothea Knab and Jane Frazer all stand out for their performances as free-style or character dancers. The arrangements and subjects of the actual dances, particularly the *Black and White Notes*, were refreshingly different. **E. C. Mason**

Dance and Dancers . . . ABROAD

FRANCE

SERGE LIFAR'S FAREWELL IN GISELLE

"THESE farewell performances," wrote Théophile Gautier in July 1844 on the occasion of Taglioni's farewell at the Opéra in *La Sylphide*, "although not always definitive, have a penetrating and melancholy charm, like the perfume of the last rose whose scent one wants to drink in to the full." Taglioni actually continued to dance until 1847, but the quotation could be applied, nevertheless, more than a hundred years later, to the performance of December 4, 1956, when Serge Lifar made his farewell in one of his favourite rôles which he has stamped with his unforgettable presence, that of Albrecht.

The very mention of the name of Serge Lifar at the Opéra is to conjure up the Prince Charming who twenty-six years ago awakened the Sleeping Beauty of French ballet. The cradle of the classical ballet, the Paris Opéra, had allowed its glories to fade, and only Zambelli and later Spessivtzeva, both of foreign origin, had attempted to rival the dazzling prestige of the Diaghiliv Ballet. One might continue, "And then came Lifar," at a moment which was certainly favourable and with the invaluable support of Jacques Rouché, the enemy of decayed conventions.

This is not the moment to recall Lifar's unusual merits as ballet-master and choreographer. As a dancer, though often misunderstood, he remains one of the most impressive of the academic school, endowed with a talent which is deeply original, dramatic rather than purely classical, and possessed of an indescribable nobility, a nobility which was so inherent in the parts of Apollo, the Prince of Love, the Chevalier, Joan de Zarissa, the Knight Errant.

Serge Lifar made his last appearance as Albrecht during the performance celebrating the centenary of Adolphe Adam, a favourite composer of Taglioni, Grisi, Cerrito and Perrot. Though he wrote 13 ballets, today Adam is known only by *Giselle*, a facile score no doubt, but one perfectly adapted to the demands of the choreography.

The brilliant sets by Carzou have now given place to the old-fashioned melancholy of those by Benois, restored by M. Hirsch in the interests of tradition. While Carzou is certainly more at ease with a theme like *Le Loup* than with the romanticism of *Giselle*, some of Benois' costumes—notably those of the hunting party—appear very dull.

Yvette Chauviré brought to Giselle the whole gamut of sensitive and nicely shaded expression of which she holds the secret. From the simple peasant to the disembodied shadow, from coquetry to madness, she has given the heroine throbbing life, a fragile and youthful grace which will long be remembered. Partnering her, Serge Lifar is still unforgettable, particularly in the entrance of the second act, in which he will be irreplaceable. Claude Bessy made an admirable Queen of the Wilis, full of elegance and authority; she was attended by Mlles Motte and Vauchelle. Deeply moved by the occasion, the *corps de ballet* imparted an unusual emotional radiance to the performance which found its complement in the exceptional enthusiasm of an audience no less affected. Every Parisian balletomane had come to render his fervent tribute to the renovator of French ballet. Afterwards a more intimate reception was held in the Foyer de la Danse.

THE PARIS OPERA

IN company of Peter Van Dijk, as a remarkable Chevalier Errant, Claude Bessy and Madeleine Lafou have successfully appeared in the rôles in this ballet created by Micheline Bardin and Lycette Darsonval.

The rôle of Passion has been danced by Jacqueline Rayet, Raoul Bari and Raoul Duflot. Despite the incontestable charm of a young ballerina whose constant progress must be applauded, this *pas de trois* cries out for the presence and authority of stars. It is right to give younger dancers opportunities, but the more classical rôles would seem more appropriate than those which require more subtle gifts of expression and real artistic maturity.

Following the recent examination, several promotions have been announced. Claire Motte becomes *première danseuse*: she now has but to justify the hopes placed on her. Mlle Bianchi is promoted to *grand sujet*, Mlles Bassi and Souard to *petits sujets*. MM Labis and Sarelli also become *petits sujets*.

Leonide Massine, who is rehearsing *La Symphonie Fantastique* at the Opéra, is preparing to revive several works at the Opéra-Comique—*La Boutique Fantasque* and *Les Femmes de Bonne Humeur*.

NEWS IN BRIEF

TO commemorate the centenary of Adolphe Adam's death, the Bibliothèque de l'Opéra has organised a little exhibition based principally on his activity as a ballet composer. *Giselle*, *La Jolie Fille de Gand*, *La Péri*, *Le Corsaire* are evoked by lithographs and manuscripts, to which the ballet shoes of Elssler and Taglioni and Adam's portrait lend a more direct interest.

THE CCFCI (The Cultural and Folklore Club of the Ivory Coast) has appeared for the first time at the Théâtre de l'Etoile. Emulating the Ballets Africains de Keita Fodeba, this small company presented scenes of manners, war dances and ritual dances to a tom-tom accompaniment.

ZIZI JEANMAIRE will follow Maurice Chevalier at the Alhambra. Supported by a chorus of boys, she will appear as a singer. Happily she will also be seen in the ballet, *La Croqueuse de Diamants*.

THE Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas is touring South America before returning to the Riviera. Serge Golovine rejoined the company in Lima. The company will return to Paris next May.

AT the Gaîté Lyrique, Ruth Page has arranged the dances in George Van Parys' new operatta, *Minnie Moustache*, which has sets by G. Wakhevitch.

AT the Salle Pleyel, the Jeunesses Musicales de France have had the opportunity of seeing a programme of ballet presented by Irène Lidova's Ballets 1956. Among the works presented were Walter Gore's *Les Saisons*, and *L'Echelle* and *Promethée*. Claire Sombert, Veronika Mlakar and Milorad Miskovitch are the principal dancers.

AT the Grand Théâtre, Bordeaux, Roger Fenonjois has arranged the ballet *La Moresca* in the opera *Sampiero Corso* by Henri Tomasi, revived on December 14 and 16.

RAM GOPAL

THE year closes at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées under the sign of India. From December 12 to January 6, Ram Gopal presented his company there. If the dancer has thickened somewhat since 1948, his beauty of style and feature remains intact, as does also the spell-binding charm of that thousand-year-old art, those dazzling costumes, those mysterious *mudras*.

One must needs be an expert to judge the purity and the real perfection of execution of the dances offered us. Nevertheless, it can be said that the folk dances, perhaps slightly arranged for the eyes of the profane, such as *Rabari Ras* (Shepherds' Dance) or *Rumal Nrittya* (Scarf Dance), are reminiscent of staff and handkerchief dances in Europe's folklore; and I personally prefer the dances which are purely religious in essence, whether their style be Kathakali, Kathak, Manipuri or Kandyan: *Sahaja*, *Garuda* and *Thillana*, admirably rendered by Ram Gopal and Kumudini, a duet of perfect grace which lingers in the memory. So too do the *Frescoes of Sigiriya* and *Jhulen Vatra*. In the *Dance of the Setting Sun*, Ram Gopal displays the sculptural nobility of his attitudes and the extraordinary fluidity of his undulating arms. Punctuated by the tinkling of bells on the feet, crotales, drums, tablas and sitars, these evolutions with their secret and complex rules carry the spectator into a strange and subtle world.

Marie-Françoise Christout

AMERICA

JOHN CRANKO'S REVUE

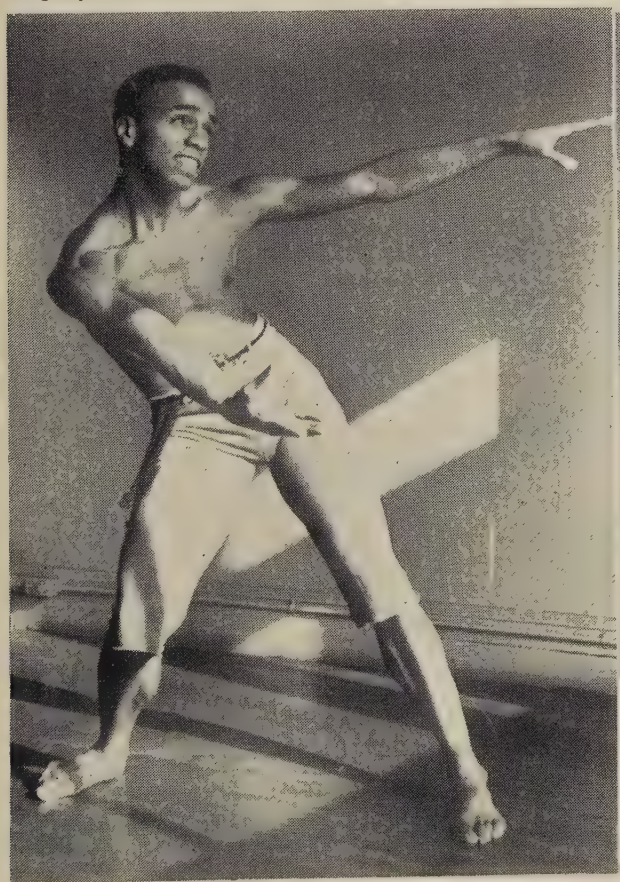
JOHN CRANKO's brilliant new revue, *Cranks*, from London, was greeted most strangely by the New York critics when it opened at the Bijou Theatre on November 26. Five of them gave it negative reviews but two others found it highly agreeable. It is impossible to say that the "sea change" (the difference between London and New York viewpoints) is to blame. Rather, it seems, that the New York dramatic critics were shocked by the fact that a choreographer could write, as well as direct, an entire show. Furthermore, New York theatre critics seem to find it increasingly difficult to differentiate between style and stylisation and with *Cranks*, conceived completely from a choreographic point of view, they were faced with something quite outside their usual experience in the commercial Broadway theatre.

I found *Cranks* one of the most creative musical theatre delights since *The Boy Friend* and Roland Petit's *La Croquese De Diamants*, though it is in no wise comparable with either. Since *Cranks* was reviewed at length in DANCE AND DANCERS after its London première, it is unnecessary to describe it further, save to say that in Annie Ross, Hugh Bryant, Anthony Newley and Gilbert Vernon, John Cranko has come up with the perfect cast to interpret his antics. Certainly *Cranks* exhibits a fresh, new theatre form that combines the spoken word, song, dance and pantomime most successfully, and it is, therefore, a creative and important step forward towards a new form that might well be termed lyric theatre.

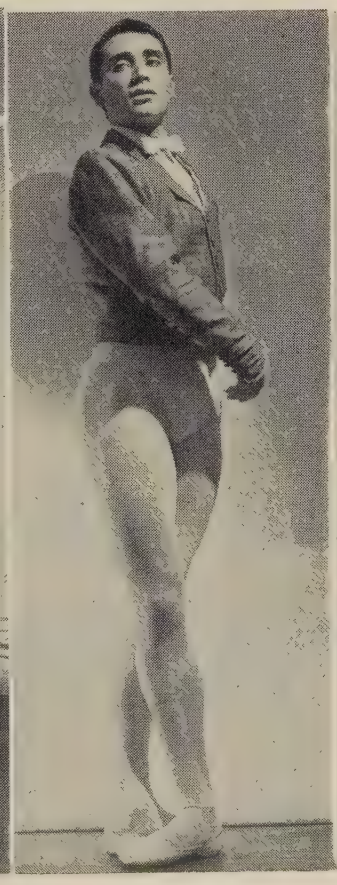
For this reason it seems strange that the dance critics of the New York daily press were not also invited to review it at the same time as the dramatic critics. From a theatrical point of view, however, it is far and away the best revue to be seen in New York since *Lend an Ear*, back in 1948, and from a pioneering standpoint it may well be as important a milestone in the New York theatre as were *The Garrick Gaieties*, *Americana*, *Three's a Crowd*, *The Band Wagon* and *As Thousands Cheer*, all of which were trail-blazers in this field 20 or more years ago. *Cranks* is at present planned to continue until December 22. Whether or not it stays on longer is difficult to say now, but it is certainly easy to predict that John Cranko's complete theatre awareness and creativity, as shown in this revue, will, sooner or later, be

(*continued on page 33*)

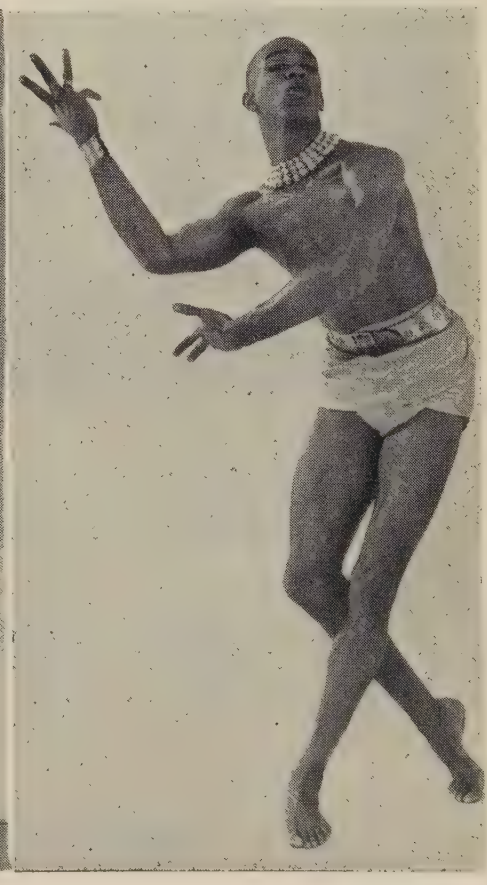
DONALD McKAYLE: Young American Negro dancer who created Games *in* 1951 *and recently showed two new works at the Hunter College Playhouse in a programme given by his group. Photo: Esta McKayle*



PIERRE LACOTTE: Formerly of the Paris Opéra, now principal dancer at the New York Metropolitan.



GEOFFREY HOLDER: A Caribbean dancer and choreographer who has scored a success in Solov's revised dances in the opera Aida *at the Metropolitan Opera House.*



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[NGC 79L]

(*continued from page 31*)

reflected in future American productions, just as have the contributions of Hanya Holm, Jerome Robbins, Agnes de Mille, Michael Kidd and George Balanchine. Meanwhile, John Cranko may be happy to know that he is a pioneer in his field.

NEW YORK CITY BALLET

HEADED by Maria Tallchief and André Eglevsky, the New York City Ballet opened a ten-week season at the New York City Centre on December 18. On leave of absence for this season is Tanaquil LeClercq, who is still in Copenhagen where she was stricken with an attack of polio during the company's engagement there several weeks ago. As we go to press, LcClercq has been pronounced "definitely out of danger," and both her husband, George Balanchine, and her mother are in Denmark with her. It has just been announced that George Balanchine has arranged to stage his *Serenade* for the Royal Danish Ballet while he is there, and he is turning all royalties over to the Copenhagen hospital, where his wife is recuperating, as an expression of gratitude. As things stand at the moment, Balanchine is not expected back in New York until the spring, although he may go to Paris in February to stage his version of *The Nutcracker* if his wife's improvement continues.

In New York, meanwhile, the New York City Ballet premiered on December 19 George Balanchine's *Divertimento No.* 15, a completely revised version of his *Caracole*, with settings by James Stewart Morcam and costumes by Karinska. From December 22 to 30, the company presented a holiday series of performances of *The Nutcracker*, and then it returned to its regular repertoire on January 1. Another one of the highlights of the first half of this New York season was the January 15 première of the new Gian-Carlo Menotti work, *The Unicorn, the Gorgan and the Manticore*, written and staged by the composer and with choreography by John Butler, and conducted by Thomas Schippers.

Leon Barzin is on leave of absence for this season, and his rôle of conductor has been taken by Hugo Fiorato. News, too, is the fact that Allegra Kent has been elevated to soloist billing. A complete report on the first weeks of the New York City Ballet season will appear in the next issue.

NEWS IN BRIEF

BECAUSE of the Middle East situation, Ballet Theatre cancelled its engagements in Teheran as well as its five-week season in Israel. Fortunately, the Opera in Rome became available with the cancellation of the tour of the Moiseyev Folk Ballet from Moscow, and Ballet Theatre had a week's run there that was such a great success, according to reports, that the company was deluged with offers for appearances from other Italian cities, and these continued until the company opened at Monte Carlo on December 22. After this the company appeared in Spain and Portugal, returning to America on February 6, with a new ballet by Kenneth MacMillan.

THE Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, headed by Igor Youskevitch, which is scheduled for a week's appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House in April, is currently on a 100-stop transcontinental tour in which the company travels from city to city by bus and with the sets and costumes transported in three vans.

Also on an extensive bus tour of 102 cities is Ruth Page's Chicago Opera Ballet, starring Marjorie Tallchief and George Skibine in *The Merry Widow*, with Sonia Arova and Bentley Stone as featured soloists.

DURING mid-November the National Ballet of Canada gave its first Government-sponsored diplomatic gala in Ottawa. The company, headed by Celia Franca and David Adams, appeared in *Giselle*, and Governor-General Vincent Massey, the chiefs of mission of forty countries and members of the Government and justices of the Supreme Court were members of this distinguished audience. The National Ballet of Canada is currently on tour of Canada and opens its two-month tour of the United States early in February.

DANCERS ON A SHOESTRING Maybin Hewes, Richard Lerner, George Marcy and Mary Ellen Taylor in Ben Bagley's revue Shoestring '57. *This intimate off-Broadway revue, given at the Barbizon Plaza Theatre, New York, is one of a series of such shows which have given a chance to many young artists*
Photo: Louis Mélancon

THE Royal Winnipeg Ballet also has announced an ambitious schedule for this season. Headed by the American dancer Ruthanna Boris as prima ballerina, and with Frank Hobi, her husband, as premier danseur, this company has appeared in Winnipeg, at an arts festival programme at Manitoba, with a tour to follow in Western Canada and, possibly, some of the North-Western states of America. In addition to *pas de deux* from *Raymonda* and *The Nutcracker*, the repertory includes *The Dying Swan, Cirque de Deux, Le Jazz Hot, Roundelay, Pasticcio, Clasico, The Comedians* and *Dance of the Sabra.*

BALLET AT THE MET

THE major dance news at the Metropolitan Opera House this season is Zachary Solov's new ballet composed for the revival of Verdi's *Ernani.* When Mary Ellen Moylen, the company's ballerina, tore a ligament during a rehearsal, Melissa Hayden substituted for her for the first two performances, through the courtesy of the New York City Ballet. This ballet will be reviewed in a subsequent issue. Other news at the Met is the fact that Geoffrey Holder, the Caribbean dancer, has made a profound hit as a captive prince in Solov's newly revised *Aida.* Not so well received has been Pierre Lacotte, formerly of the Paris Opéra Ballet, who is premier danseur at the Met this year. These viewpoints may change, however, as the season progresses.

MODERN DANCE

TWO extremely interesting modern dance programmes have taken place recently in New York. One of these was the programme presented by Murray Louis with the Playhouse Dance Company at The Henry Street Playhouse and the other was a concert by Donald McKayle and his company.

Murray Louis, who is a member of Alwin Nikolais' vital new modern dance group at the Henry Street Playhouse, has unmistakable gifts, and is, as his concert proved, a talented and experienced dancer who can move magnificently. Particularly noteworthy were his solos *Harmonica Suite* (in five parts), *Small Illusions*, a wonderfully humorous composition to Kurt Weill music, and *Figure in Grey.* Incidentally, this Playhouse Dance Company, functioning under the inspired leadership and direction of Alwin Nikolais, has now been in operation a scant eight years, and it is rapidly becoming noted as one of the most important centres of its kind in New York.

Donald McKayle, the young American-Negro dancer who created such a marked stir with his *Games* back in 1951, has, by now, surrounded himself with a young company of considerable merit. On his most recent programme at the Hunter College Playhouse, *Games* was still the major work, since it had more bite and drive than his new *Four Vignettes*, to a score by Samuel Barber, or *Her Name was Harriet*, a large group work with a choral group that tells the story of Harriet Tubman, who was born into slavery yet helped some 300 of her people escape into the north through the underground railroad. Donald McKayle moves superbly, with dignity and power, and, though his choreography is not yet on a par with his gifts of dance, he is, nevertheless, one of the most important of the younger generation of dancers in the field of modern dance.

DANCE ON BROADWAY

ONE of the highspots of *Shoestring* '57, a new, intimate off-Broadway review, is Dorothy Greener's hilarious excursion into "The Art of Mime" for which Marcel Marceau obviously provided the model for her zany interpretations of his *Birth, Maturity and Death* as well as "split-portrayal" of Jack and the Giant Killer. Mary Ellen Terry, Maybin Hewes, Diki Lerner and George Marcy are the four lively dancers in the cast, and choreographer Danny Daniels has kept them moving at a lively gait, even though he has not provided them with anything inspiring to dance.

Arthur Todd

Gala for Hungary

(*continued from page 13*)

were superb as the poker-faced mashers, while Anya Linden produced a surprising vein of zany comedy as the young lady in not too much distress.

The programme had now built up to the climax of Fonteyn and Markova. Fonteyn chose to dance the last-act *Sylvia pas de deux*, partnered, of course, by Somes. I had personally never seen the special concert arrangement of the *pas de deux*, which opens with the *adagio*, includes both Sylvia's and Aminta's variations, and ends with a new *coda* not found in the ballet. Both dancers, though like some of their colleagues a little cramped by the size of the stage, danced with that extra touch of grandeur and authority that sets them apart from the rest.

Equally impressive was Markova's poignant performance in *The Dying Swan*. Over 20 years had elapsed since Markova had previously danced in Rosebery Avenue, so this was something of a homecoming for her. This dance is so simple, yet demands the magic of genius, which Markova can give it.

As a tribute to the cause to which the programme was devoted, it ended with a lively performance of the Hungarian Czardas from the first Act of *Coppélia*, by the Sadler's Wells Ballet led by Julia Farron and Desmond Doyle.

It all added up to a highly enjoyable evening of ballet. This was an experiment that might well be repeated every year. Prices could be absurdly high and the profits might be devoted to a worthwhile ballet cause. So let us hope that Frederick Ashton's inspiration will be taken as a precedent.

Toni Lander

(*continued from page 19*)

achieves a kind of steady incandescence. In the Snow scene of *Casse-Noisette*, too, there are flashes of an authentic radiance, as she rides triumphantly on a phrase, that indicate that in time she will become that rare being, a dancer who understands this style, its passion and its grandeur, as deeply as, musically, the Bolshoi conductor Yuri Faier understands it.

I would say also that Toni Lander possesses another essential quality that is going to help her in this direction, a quality somewhat hard to define—that is that she seems to love the classic dance for its intrinsic beauty, the poetry inherent in the precise distinction between a *croisé* and an *effacé* position, for instance. Without this a dancer is apt to give the feeling that in some way the classic style is unequal to the content, that the dramatic or emotional expression is something that has to be stuck on afterwards. In point of fact, the only valid dramatic expression in ballet is that which is organic—that which belongs to dancing alone and not that which could better be expressed in another medium.

Too many dancers seem to feel that they must develop a personal style and then distort every ballet to fit it. Toni Lander, on the other hand, tries, I believe, to adapt herself to the style of the ballet in which she is dancing. It is true that up to now she has not been called upon to dance in a very wide range of styles. Having become almost a personification of the Bournonville style, she has perhaps rather become "typed" as a "period" dancer. This covers *Les Sylphides* and even part of *Etudes*, which is the only modern ballet in which she dances at present. There are, naturally, many kinds of modern ballet that might prove to be outside her range. However, her unique subtlety, serenity, and taste would surely make her ideal for certain Balanchine and Ashton ballets—one thinks of *Serenade*, *Apollo*, *Ballet Imperial*, and *Rendezvous*, *Symphonic Variations*, *Sylvia*. Here I am obviously indulging in that pleasant game of making up ideal casts for favourite ballets—or thinking of ideal rôles for favourite dancers. More within the bounds of possibility, perhaps, since it is in the Festival Ballet repertory, is the Street Dancer in *Le Beau Danube*; indeed, I find myself thinking of Toni Lander as a natural successor to many Danilova rôles. Here daydreaming takes over again and I think of *Boutique*, *Femmes de Bonne Humeur*, *Night Shadow*, *Baiser de la Fée*, *Raymonda*. . . . At all events it will not presumably be too long before Toni Lander is given the opportunity to dance *Giselle*.

Generosity, sensibility, intelligence, taste, refinement, humility, restraint, wit—these are some of the qualities that go to make an artist. All these Toni Lander possesses, plus that conviction that there is always something that can be improved, that is for the dancer a kind of "divine discontent," for when a dancer believes she is perfect, then it is time for her to retire. Above all, Toni Lander has the gift of being able to create emotion, not just to imitate it, which enables the dancer "to speak to the soul through the eyes."

Unfair to *The Express*

SIR: As music and ballet critic of the *Daily Express*, I must protest against the misleading impressions given, so far as my paper is concerned, by the summaries of press reviews of the Bolshoi Ballet published in your December issue.

Your summary on page 11 makes the accusation that "the larger the circulation of the newspaper, the worse informed the critic" without adducing any evidence in support of this charge. I am happy to accept correction where factual misinformation can be shown.

The report of Mr. Liberace's attendance at *The Fountain of Bakchisarai*, in which you state I was "clearly more interested" (page 18) was, in fact, an additional sentence following a 200-word criticism of the ballet.

My colleague John Barber, our dramatic critic, is wrongly saddled with the responsibility for a notice of *Swan Lake* (page 15).

Altogether my reviews of the Bolshoi productions totalled nearly 30 column-inches of space exclusive of incidental reporting.

I am dismayed that you should so misrepresent an honest attempt to provide informative and critical reviews intended for readers mostly without specialised knowledge.

Noel Goodwin

Daily Express,
Fleet Street, London

COVER STORIES

This month's front cover, by Derek Allen, is of Anne Heaton as the Lady in the Ball Dress from Ashton's *Apparitions*, now revived for the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet.

HEATON was born in Birmingham. She first studied under Janet Cranmore and from 1942 at the Sadler's Wells School, joining the Theatre Ballet on its formation in 1946. She immediately took principal rôles and created a number of new ones—in Franca's *Khadra*, Ashton's *Valses Nobles et Sentimentales*, Howard's *Assembly Ball* and *Mardi Gras* among others. In 1948, she joined the Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden, in which company she danced many important parts including the title rôle in *Giselle*. In 1955 she rejoined the Theatre Ballet as its ballerina, dancing the title rôle in *Giselle*, Swanilda in *Coppélia*, also appearing in the company's contemporary repertoire.

Ballet Dates

SADLER'S WELLS BALLET
at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden

Jan.
21 *Prince of the Pagodas* (Linden, Hynd)
22 *Prince of the Pagodas* (Beriosova, Blair)
23 *The Sleeping Beauty* (Grey, Chatfield)
26 (M) *Coppélia* (Lane, Grant)
29 *The Sleeping Beauty* (Nerina, Rassine)
30 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Fifield, Blair)

Feb.
1 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Jackson, Somes)
2 (M) *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Nerina, Rassine)
4 *Les Sylphides*, *The Firebird*, *Les Patineurs*
7 *The Lady and the Fool*, *Les Patineurs*, *The Firebird*
9 (M) *The Prince of the Pagodas* (Linden, Hynd)
9 (E) *The Prince of the Pagodas* (Beriosova, Blair)
12 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Grey, Chatfield)
14 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Beriosova, Chatfield)
15 *Sylvia* (Nerina, Rassine)
18 *Sylvia* (Grey, Chatfield)
20 *Les Sylphides*, *The Firebird* (return of Fonteyn), *Les Patineurs*
23 (M) *Sylvia* (Linden, Blair)
23 (E) *Sylvia* (Beriosova, Chatfield)
27 *The Lady and the Fool*, *Les Patineurs*, *The Firebird*

Mar.
1 *Coppélia* (Fifield, Shaw)
2 (M) *Les Sylphides*, *The Firebird*, *Coppélia*, *Act* 3
2 (E) *Coppélia* (Lane, Grant)

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET

Jan.
14 The Essoldo Theatre, Brighton
21 (2 weeks) Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford

Feb.
4 Arts Theatre, Cambridge
11 The Pavilion, Bournemouth
18 The Grand Theatre, Wolverhampton
25 The Gaumont Theatre, Southampton

Mar.
4 The Alexandra Theatre, Birmingham
11 The Lyceum Theatre, Sheffield
18 The Theatre Royal, Norwich

FESTIVAL BALLET
Provincial Tour

Feb.
4 Davis Theatre, Croydon
18 The Hippodrome, Golders Green
25 The Hippodrome, Brighton

Mar.
4 The New Theatre, Oxford
11 The Empire Theatre, Liverpool

BALLET RAMBERT

Jan.
14 Theatre Royal, York
21 Television Dance Festival, Brussels
28 Her Majesty's Theatre, Carlisle

Feb.
11 Her Majesty's, Carlisle
18 Festival Theatre, Malvern

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INSIDE: ALEXANDER BENOIS' account of the creation of *Petrouchka* for the Diaghilev Ballet. The designs for *Petrouchka* for the new production at Covent Garden. MAKING A BALLET: pictures by ROY ROUND of the creation of MacMillan's new ballet for American Ballet Theatre. Backstage at Covent Garden photographed by BRYAN ASHBRIDGE. Reviews of the New York City Ballet's season in New York by ARTHUR TODD, and of the new *Casse-Noisette* in Italy by GIANNI CARANDENTE. Many articles of topical interest and all the usual features.

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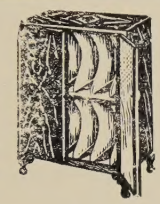

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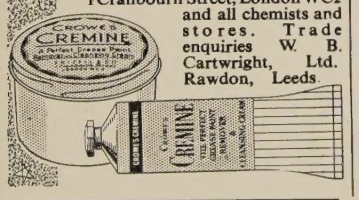

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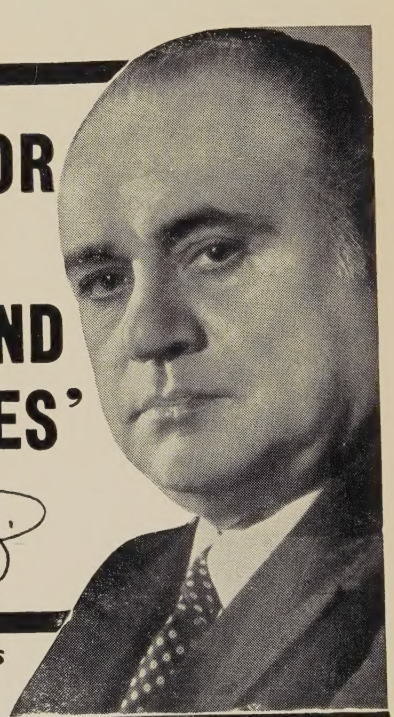

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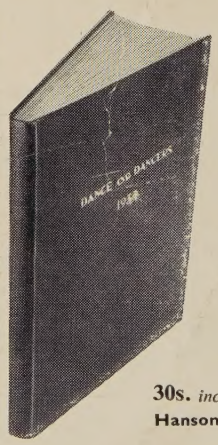

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